

THE **Rotarian**

MARCH

J. C. ASPLEY

**Be Thankful for
Your Competitors**

S. J. McDONOUGH

**Sulfapyridine
Saved My Life**

WM. LYON PHELPS

**Books That Have
Changed My Mind**

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- **Caribbean Calling!**
- **A Gallery of
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1940



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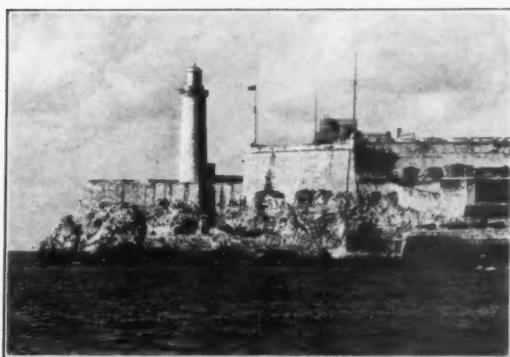
JOIN YOUR FELLOW ROTARIANS AT THE 1940 CONVENTION

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CUBA



Cuba's \$18,000,000 Capitol . . . among the world's most beautiful.



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There's a wonderful—not-to-be-equalled—time awaiting you in Cuba this June! This foreign, friendly land is luring the travel-wise from all the Americas with its brilliance!

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Cuba's capital will shower you with entertainment that's novel and different . . . inexhaustible and inexpensive! . . . There are pulse-tingling sports-to-see . . . invigorating sports-to-do, from golf to big game fishing! And, if you like historic atmosphere, Cuba has it . . . from the days of Columbus!

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With 41 Rotary Clubs of its own, The Republic of Cuba is eager to give you the most cordial reception. Less than 100 miles off America's coast, it is easily reached by plane or steamer, with rail, air and bus connections from all points. Be sure to see or write to those in charge of convention plans NOW, and find out how little the trip will cost!

CUBAN NATIONAL TOURIST COMMISSION

A Department of the Republic of Cuba
Paseo de Martí 255, Havana, Cuba



"Crime Fighter" J. Edgar Hoover

'Home Grown' Criminals

Where criminals come from is no mystery to J. Edgar Hoover. They're "home grown," he says in your April ROTARIAN. The famous "G-man's" provocative article on juvenile delinquency—second from his pen to appear in your magazine—continues a series on crime, its curbs and preventives. (In this issue, read "The Sentence of the Court Is—" by Ernest L. Reeker.)

Havana Invites You

It's Havana in June! On the tenth of that month, thousands of Rotarians will gather for Rotary's international Convention in the capital city of "The Pearl of the Antilles." Better to acquaint you with "La Habana," eight pages of rotogravure are to be offered in your April ROTARIAN.

Presenting—the Winners!

Will your Club be there—among the winners of the 1938-39 Clubs-of-the-Year Contest? A glance at your April ROTARIAN will answer. The issue will carry first and complete announcement of the winning Clubs, along with a story of their works.

Town Meeting Echo

On the eve of Rotary's birthday, four million listeners will tune radios to NBC stations for "America's Town Meeting of the Air" as sponsored by the Chicago Rotary Club. You may see and read much of what happened and what was said—

**In Your April
ROTARIAN**

Talking It Over

Comment on
Rotarian Articles
by
Rotarian Readers

FROM THE ample bundle of letters which arrived at the office of "The Rotarian" following the announcement that \$3 would be paid for the best one commenting on Walter B. Pitkin's "Get Acquainted!" in the February issue, the accompanying letter was declared the winner—selected by one who long has enjoyed the benefits of Rotary fellowship. See page 14 for new contest announcement.—Eds.

Pitkin's Advice Timely

Says MRS. E. CHESTER NELSON
Wife of Rotarian
Fort Smith, Arkansas

Thank you, Dr. Pitkin. Your article, *Get Acquainted!*, came just at the time I needed advice the most.

I have two small children, one 16 months old, the other two years and eight months. I have a large two-story house, and although I keep a maid, who lives on the place, I find myself busy from sunup until sundown, with the mending still to do after the children are tucked in at night.

It has been mighty easy for me to slip into the well-known rut, and I realized after I had finished reading this little masterpiece of Dr. Pitkin's that I must act quickly, renew old friendships, and "get acquainted" before I find the path to my door all grown up in weeds.

This getting-acquainted idea will require a little planning on my part, and it will also mean that I shall have to give my children an occasional dose of what is sometimes called "wholesome neglect." This will, no doubt, be very good for the children as well as for myself.

My husband and I were married eight years without a visit from the stork, then we decided to adopt a six-month-old girl. This little curly haired, blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked baby became our world. One month after we adopted her we found that tardy old gentleman, the stork, was to pay us a visit the following September. He came on time, bringing another baby girl. We started in getting acquainted with our two little girls. Two babies in less than a year was a jolly experience for two people childless for eight years, and it was easy to let them dominate our lives. I am afraid that my husband and I will become as uninteresting as Bill and Jags unless we get "out and around" more often.

I realize that some day our children will grow up and leave us right where we started from, and I am sure our lives would be very dreary without friends. I shall *dress up* this very afternoon and call on my next-door neighbor. (I should have done it months ago.) I'll have fun telling my husband about that visit when he comes home to dinner.

Wide Reading, Broad Vision

Asserts ROBERT C. KINNEY
High-School Teacher
Sidney, Ohio

As a teacher of history, I wish to express my approval and appreciation of the article *Why Historians Get Headaches*, by James Truslow Adams [January ROTARIAN].

Although a historian may make an honest effort to present the story of his country without bias or prejudice, it is next to impossible for him to do so at every point. I believe that a history teacher should not allow his students to read history from a single textbook, but should insist that a number of books and authors be studied. Wide reading from a number of historians increases the opportunity for the student to become enlightened, rather than prejudiced and narrow in his views of historical developments and world affairs.

Selfishness Not Sole Motive

Insists A. G. BAKER, Rotarian
Newspaper Publisher
Springfield, Massachusetts

For the first time I find myself entirely at variance with George E. Vincent in the way he has stated and carried on his argument about selfishness in *The Larger Selfishness* [January ROTARIAN].

There are too many fine people in the world who have devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the good of others for selfishness to be considered the sole incentive.

When Dr. David Livingstone went into the heart of Africa, he became a great man, or he showed that he was a great man, but it was not his purpose to enlarge his own greatness, but to help others, which made him really great. You can multiply illustrations by the thousands, but perhaps I have said enough.

Wanted: New Bathroom Lock

W. D. PARKINSON, Hon. Rotarian
School Principal
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Here's a suggestion for consideration by D. H. Killeffer in his new and interesting department titled *Peeps at Things to Come* [see page 45].

It relates to locks for bathroom doors. They are too secure—really a menace.

It is a common occurrence for a bathroom occupant to become helpless. Children get into trouble with their experiments; old people have strokes or heart disease; all ages have tub accidents; doors often have to be broken from the outside to rescue occupants.

The lock on a bathroom door does not need to be burglarproof. It is simply used to guard the ins against the outs. Why not, then, produce a special lock

for such a door, making it fast enough to be convincing to an approaching member of the household or guest, but not so fast that it cannot be opened from the outside upon a call for help or upon suspicion of trouble aroused by an unduly extended occupancy with no response from within?

It should not be difficult to invent such a lock. And what householder would not welcome it?

'Here's My O.K.'

*Writes A. H. STALLMAN, Accountant
President, Rotary Club
Watertown, Wisconsin*

I hope I'm not the last of the 175,000 "editors" to put his O. K. on the new ROTARIAN. You'll remember that in his *A Magazine Hand-Tailored for You* [January issue] Clinton F. Karstaedt, Chairman of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International, closed with the words, "We await your final O. K." Be it ever so late, though, here it is: "O. K."

In all seriousness, I do like it. I am one of those who believes that change is good for anything. We must keep abreast of the times and have changes to stir up renewed interest. When I saw the cover, I had an idea it was appropriate, in view of the fact that we have a photographer Magazine Committee Chairman. Also I was happy that the frontispiece photograph was retained.

Caps and Bottles for Milk

*Suggested by J. E. TYLER, JR.
Richmond, Virginia*

After reading *A Million-Dollar 'No!'* by W. F. McDermott and J. C. Furnas [January ROTARIAN], I looked at my milk bottle and cap and thought of my daughter who was born in 1908. At that time milk was delivered from a tank, and people put out on the doorstep or window sill a can, pitcher, or any kind of receptacle into which the milkman poured the milk. Most receptacles were uncovered and exposed to flies and other forms of contamination.

I got to thinking and studying about cows and milk. I attended a farmers' convention and talked to many dairy farmers. I suggested that milk should be delivered in capped bottles with the date on the cap.

The president of a Richmond dairy was there, and we discussed the idea of his company trying it out. His only objections were the cost and the doubt that enough people would be willing to pay more for milk in bottles.

When I came home, I went to see our health officer. He told me my idea was splendid and I should get a patent and not let anyone get ahead of me. I told him that if my idea could be used for better health of future babies, I wanted it to be free to all milk dealers. I asked him to advocate the plan to our Richmond milk dealers, which he did. Sometime later one of our leading dairies started bottling its milk and others followed.

I am only writing this to encourage people to serve others unselfishly even

if they fail to "make a million." The satisfaction and joy of serving others are worth more than a million.

A 'Plug' for Hobbyhorses

*From C. C. HANKINS, Chaplain
President, Rotary Club
Xenia, Ohio*

Gee I was scared that *The Hobbyhorse Hitchingpost* was not going to be included in the streamlined ROTARIAN! What a relief to see page 62, with its post hitched to capacity. I am mighty glad you have retained this most interesting department. You see, the Xenia Rotary Club specializes in hobby fairs, this being the ninth year for sponsorship of such county-wide fairs. This year we have expanded our boys' fair to include girls' hobbies, and thus we have our Youth Hobby Fair for the first time.

Our Club extends to the Hitchingpost, all the hobbyhorses, and The Groom a rig of good wishes for a Happy New Year.

Grateful, Not Proud

*Says JOHN T. SYMES, Rotarian
Bank President
Lockport, New York*

Thank you for calling my attention to my picture which appeared in the December ROTARIAN with 35 other Rotarians [*They're Always There!*]. However, I believe I am not so much interested in the record as I am in what the privilege throughout the years has brought me. I have seen many Rotarians enter a meeting late, eat luncheon hastily, and rush out before any of the program had been presented. That is placing too much emphasis on the attendance record, with no apparent appreciation of the opportunity to mingle with other fellows. I am not proud of this record of mine. I am grateful for it. I am grateful that in attending meetings, I have actually remained through.

Block Booking Approved

*By HARRY E. HUFFMAN, Rotarian
Fox Inter-Mountain Theaters, Inc.
Denver, Colorado*

The *No!* article by Ned E. Depinet in answer to the query *Abolish Movie Block Booking?* [January issue] is a businesslike analysis of the problem and procedure in our great industry. . . .

Block booking offers a glaring comparison between the regular, consistent operation of the motion-picture industry and the irregular, indefinite operation of the legitimate theater of the day.

Block Booking Wrong

*Affirms JOHN J. JONES, Attorney
President, Rotary Club
Waynesboro, Georgia*

Of particular interest to me was the debate in your January issue entitled *Abolish Movie Block Booking?* . . .

Something is definitely wrong with the present system of film distribution whereby leading producers require the independent exhibitor to buy a number of mediocre pictures in order to get a few good ones and the companies that

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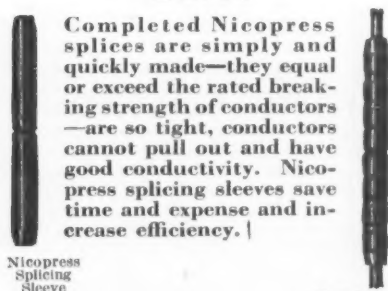
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control certain theaters restrict them solely to their productions. It is an unfortunate fact that the average exhibitor does not have full freedom of choice as to the pictures he offers.

It seems to me this situation could be rectified by a practical application of Rotary spirit among producers and distributors toward the exhibitors and the public. If they do not clean their own house voluntarily, regulation by law is the probable result. As a genuine lover of good screen entertainment, I venture this criticism.

Movie Exhibitors Have Choice

Asserts MRS. G. B. PALMER
Wife of Rotarian
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Congratulations to you for giving space in THE ROTARIAN for a discussion of movie block booking [debate-of-the-month, January]. I agree with James Roosevelt that the industry should be given an opportunity to work out a plan for the good of all parties concerned—if it is felt that a different plan of booking is needed.

I am of the opinion, however, that the motion-picture industry, making possible employment for a large number of people, should receive consideration, for it is helping to educate and enrich the lives of millions through the production of classics on the screen.

How many of us would say to the wholesale grocer who is selling us a barrel of apples: "Before I take this barrel of apples home, I want to take them out one by one and if I find ten or 12 bad ones, I wish a refund"? Block booking, as I understand it, is an agreement between the producer and the exhibitor whereby the latter may choose from several pictures the ones he wishes to show. After his selection he has the number of pictures which he was to have had according to his original agreement.

Poetry While Orders Wait

GEO. H. BURBIDGE, Rotarian
Harbor Engineer
Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada

After reading Channing Pollock's article in the January ROTARIAN, *Has Business Lost Interest?*, I came across the following poem sent out recently to its customers by the Clinton Knitting Co., Ltd., of Ontario:

Keep your temper, gentle sir,
Writes the manufacturer,
Though your goods are overdue
For a month or maybe two,
We can't help it, please don't swear,
Labor's scarce and looms are rare.
Can't get yarn, can't get dyes,
These are facts, we tell no lies.
Harry's listed, so is Bill,
All our work is now uphill.
So your order, we're afraid,
May be still a bit delayed.
Still you'll get it, don't be vexed,
Maybe this month, maybe next.
Keep on hoping, don't say die,
We'll fill your orders by and by.

Rotary Needs Four 'Legs'

Believes C. P. PHILLIPS, Rotarian
Soda Fountain Supplies Retailing
Sacramento, California

Not one of the four group relationships mentioned by Past Director Edward F. McFaddin in his part of the

Whither Vocational Service? debate [December ROTARIAN] can stand on its own legs without the help of the other three.

Business management is responsible for the success or failure of the enterprise. The manner in which the employee is selected, trained, and treated has much to do with factory operation. Merchandise manufactured by employees who have the interests of the factory at heart will sell better and orders will repeat. The salesman who contacts the buyer will have full confidence in his product and can be perfectly honest with the buyer when asking for business. Competition will respect both the products and the factory, because it will realize that unethical practices will only rebound to the discredit of the competitor in the eyes of the buyer. An ethical salesman always has a good word for his competitor, especially in international trade.

I agree with Rotarian McFaddin's statement about each Rotarian bringing into his Club an employee of the factory. In time this will divide the Club into two sections, because outside the factory the employee does not speak the same language as the executive.

Labor Representation? Improbable!

Believes G. I. MARTIN, Rotarian
Associated Industries of Montana
Butte, Montana

So long as the discussion of "whither vocational service?" is confined to the columns of THE ROTARIAN, it will be good tempered and interesting—or else. However, if anything Rotary can do will assist in bringing about better industrial relations, or, what is more feasible, a better understanding of industrial relations, one of the fundamental causes of unrest in the United States will be alleviated.

Suppose we attempt to clarify the discussion a little by technically considering the possibility of calling the employees of a large printing plant, situated in a city of over 5,000 population, into a conference over a change in wages. In the first place, in a city of that size, or larger, there will be a strong typographical union, a part of the Trades and Labor Council and affiliated with the International and subject to its constitution. It will include in its membership not only the employees of the plant, but all the printers of the local newspapers and job shops. The employees will have been represented in negotiating and establishing the wage scale then in effect, and any change will be of vital importance to all. If any employees of any unit should independently cut the standard wage scale, his membership in the union would be challenged and his industrial standing in that community, or any other community, seriously jeopardized.

Why is there so much bitterness and misunderstanding in our industrial life today? Perhaps because all of us instinctively hate to be dominated and coerced. In earlier days the employer asked for no conferences with his employees, nor suffered any interference with his management. Today organized labor is in the [Continued on page 57]

In this issue—

Volume LV

MARCH



Number 3

1940

When Youth Needs Help

- The Sentence of the Court Is—..... Ernest L. Reeker..... 23
What Should I Tell 'Chuck'?..... Tom J. Davis..... 33

Our Rotary World

- Havana Awaits Us in June!..... Walter D. Head..... 7
Ye Rotarye Treasure Isle..... A charte..... 8
Caribbean Calling..... A pictorial..... 9
Rotarians in the News..... 41
Your Board Reports—..... A pictorial..... 42

The Debate-of-the-Month

- Are 'Comics' Bad for Children?
Yes!..... Silas Bent..... 18
No!..... Chester Gould..... 19

The World of Work

- Be Thankful for Your Competitors... J. C. Aspley..... 13
Peeps at Things to Come..... D. H. Killeffer..... 45

Art of Living

- It's Fun to Be Normal!..... Edith M. Stern..... 15
Billy Phelps Speaking..... William Lyon Phelps.. 38

Anent the Americas

- Newspapers Link the Americas.... Rodolfo N. Luque..... 27
A Gallery of Ibero-American Art... Nicolás Delgado..... 29

In the Sphere of Science

- Sulfapyridine Saved My Life..... Stephen J. McDonough 20
He Solved the Riddle of the
Cliff Dwellers..... Harold E. Cooley..... 36

Other Features and Departments

Talking It Over (letters from readers), 2; *Frontispiece—"Morro Castle,"* 6; *Rotary Reporter* (news and photos from Rotary Clubs around the world), 46; *Scratchpaddings* (brief items about Rotary events and personalities of current interest), 50; *Spanish Lesson No. 1*, 52;

Opinion (excerpts from addresses and publications), 58; *Stripped Gears* (a department devoted to levity), 60; *Hobbyhorse Hitching-post* (hobby corner), 62; *The Program Builder* (suggestions for further reading), 63; *Last Page Comment* (editorials by the editors), 64.

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*.

ON THE NEXT page but one, WALTER D. HEAD, Rotary's First Officer, closes a testimonial to Cuban hospitality (which Rotary is to taste during its 1940 Convention) with a few words of Spanish. He easily could have written the whole article in that tongue for his linguistic repertoire includes English, German, French, Spanish, and Italian. He spoke to three Cuban Rotary Clubs in their own language during his recent visit to "The Pearl of the Antilles." PRESIDENT HEAD, as most Rotarians know, is headmaster of Montclair (N. J.) Academy.



Head

Editor of *La Prensa*, one of South America's largest and most influential daily newspapers, RODOLFO N. LUQUE, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, writes of the journalistic bonds between the Americas. He holds certificates to teach and practice law; was the President of his Rotary Club during 1930-31.



Luque

The literary world KNOWS HONORARY ROTARIAN WILLIAM LYON ("BILLY") PHELPS, of New Haven, Conn., as Yale's professor emeritus of English literature. But for Carlyle's influence he might today be a lawyer—as he explains in his regular column this month. In it he discusses "Books That Have Changed My Mind."... The travel-luring vista of the Cuban Capitol on the cover is a color photo by PEDRO GUTIÉRREZ, of Havana, an amateur photographer.

TOM J. DAVIS is the Chairman of Rotary International's Youth Committee. Familiar and sympathetic with the problems of youth, he is qualified by experience to discuss occupational counselling. Past member of many of Rotary's International Committees, and a Past District Governor, CHAIRMAN DAVIS conducts a general law practice in Butte, Mont.

Davis



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THE Rotarian MAGAZINE

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Morro Castle, renowned Cuban landmark, built by the Spaniards in the late 16th Century, as viewed from a porthole of an incoming liner in Havana harbor.

Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts

Havana Awaits Us in June!

By **Walter D. Head**

President, Rotary International

The word is 'On to Cuba!' now—for the Rio Convention has been postponed. A letter from Rotary's President.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. ROTARIAN:
It was a great disappointment for many of us when we had to postpone Rotary's Rio Convention until 1942; however, this action was taken with the full knowledge and approval of the Rio de Janeiro Rotarians.

The question then arose: "Where *shall* we hold the 1940 Convention?" Various cities offered to meet the emergency, but the one with the greatest attraction, everything considered, appeared to be Havana, Cuba. Thus, Havana was chosen.

In many ways, Havana seems almost the ideal site for a Convention in this particular year. Its selection is a recognition of the widespread development of Rotary in Ibero-America, and thus is retained one of the chief objectives of the 1940 Convention. (Incidentally, Havana was the first city in Ibero-America to have a Rotary Club.) Too, Havana is comparatively easy to reach—by boat, by train and boat, and by air. Havana and Cuba are relatively close to Central America and to the northern part of South America. Havana is also considerably nearer than Rio to the countries of Europe and to most of those of the Far East, though I suppose we cannot expect many representatives of these latter regions to attend Rotary's Convention this year.

Of the hospitality of the Cubans, I cannot speak too highly. It was Mrs. Head's and my pleasure to visit Cuba recently, and if the entertainment which we received is a sample of what we may expect in June, I can assure you of one of the most delightful experiences of your life.

On the beauties and attractions of Havana, I am an enthusiast. One visit served completely to fascinate me, and I am most anxious to go back. Havana is an interest-

ing and unusual combination of the modern and convenient with the historic and romantic. It has excellent hotels, beautiful streets and avenues, fine parks and recreation centers, and at the same time has many quaint quarters reminiscent of the most picturesque parts of Europe and of Mexico. It has many inviting beaches and other alluring spots for relaxation. The Yacht Club, the Country Club, and many others in the city and its suburbs are among the finest I have ever seen, and I understand that all of them will be opened to us by Cuban Rotarians. Too, all parts of Cuba offer much to charm the visitor. A pre- or post-Convention tour down the splendid highway that traverses the island's entire length will confirm that.

Because the decision to go to Havana was made so recently, I am unable to give you full details of the plans, but I can report that the Rotarians of District 25 have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the preparations for our coming, and will beyond doubt provide us with adequate accommodations and with a meeting place more beautiful, I think, than any we have ever had, and with a program of hospitality which will be unforgettable.

Now perhaps you are saying, "Certainly, I'm interested. I'd like very much to go to Havana, but I have some questions. How, for instance, will I get there? And, another thing, isn't Cuba terribly hot in June?"

Let me try to answer. Havana, as I noted before, is quickly accessible to scores of thousands of Rotary families. For example, by rail-and-boat, Havana is about 40 hours from New York, 48 hours

from Chicago, 106 hours from San Francisco. Air travel reduces these travel hours greatly, of course. Miami, Florida, and Havana are neighbors, literally, being but two hours apart by air, 14 hours by boat. Perhaps the fact had escaped you, but it is true that to go from the Florida city to the Cuban capital you sail southwest, not east—and in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico all the way.

Is Cuba hot in Summertime? Cuban Rotarians do not claim a sylvan coolness for their June afternoons, but they do point out that visitors who dress sensibly find the climate delightful. Night brings a drop in temperature that insures sound sleep and that makes the day's warmth welcome.

IT is my thought that the keynote of the Havana Convention might be the renewal of Rotary fellowship amid Old World surroundings. This is not a year for elaborate festivity. We are too keenly conscious of the fact that many of our fellow Rotarians are citizens of countries which are, to a greater or lesser extent, involved in the numerous conflicts now taking place, but there is every reason why those of us who can, should get together and renew old friendships, make new ones, and rededicate ourselves to the fundamental principles which characterize our Rotary.

So, short though the notice is, I urge you all to make a special effort to come to Havana. I believe you will be amply repaid, and that the Havana Convention will add another bright chapter to Rotary history—dated June 10-14, 1940.

¡Hasta la vista en la Habana!, which means, "I'll see you in Havana!" I surely hope I do!

Our Guest Editorial of the Month



Charte Shewing Y^e Rotarye Treasure Isle

Directions: Set forth from wherever ye reside—by vessel, train, aireplane, or ye motor car—choosing that means which best besuiteth circumstance, but so contrive as to disembark in Havana, Cuba, on or before June 10, 1940. For on that day hundreds of Rotary families from many shores will assemble there for Rotary's annual reunion. Our hosts promise a week to be treasured in the memory for aye.



If storms detain ye, or a pleasure junket allure, ye canst ope ye door to goode fellowship at Rotarye Clubbes in these Cities—by this Keye.

Some Pointes of Embarkation:

Day Ye Clubbe meeteth is abbreviated; "e" denoteth evening meetings.

New York, N.Y. (Th) • Miami, Fla. (Th)
Tampa, Fla. (F) • Key West, Fla. (Th)
New Orleans, La. (W) • Galveston, Texas (W)
Tampico, Mexico (Th) • Vera Cruz, Mexico (W) • Cristóbal -

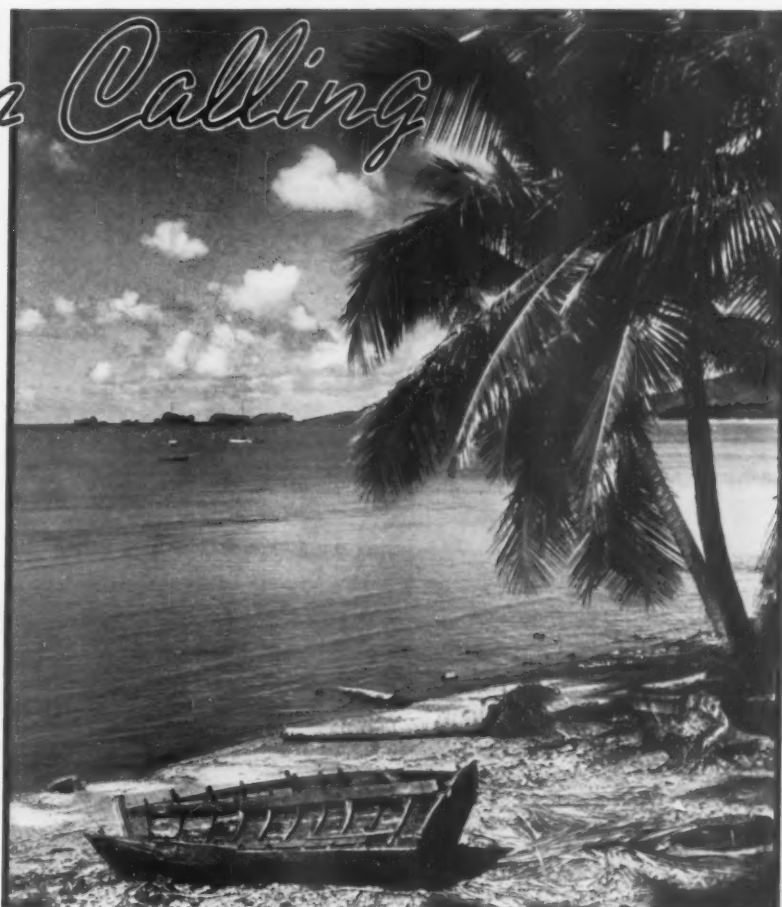
Colón, Panama (W) • Panama City, Panama (Th) • Cartagena, Colombia (F) • Barranquilla, Colombia (W) • Buenaventura, Colombia (Th) • Curaçao, Netherlands West Indies (W) • Cuba • Antilla (S) • Artemisa (W) • Banes (F) • Bayamo (S) • Caibarién (Th) • Camagüey (Th) • Cárdenas (Th) • Ciego de Avila (F) • Cienfuegos (S) • Colon (W) • Florida (W) •

Gibara (S) • Guanabacoa (W) • Guantanamo (Th) • Güines (Th) • Havana (Th) • Holguín (Tu) • Jiguani (S) • Jovellanos (F) • Manzanillo (W) • Marianao (Tu) • Matanzas (Th) • Mayarí (S) • Morón (W) • Nuevitas (Th) • Palma Soriano (Tu) • Pina (S) • Pinar del Río (Th) • Placetas (F) • Puerto Padre (Th) • Regla (F) • Sagua La Grande (Th) • San Antonio de los Baños (F) • Sancti Spíritus (Th) • Santa Clara (Th) • Santa Cruz del Sur (S) • Santiago de Cuba (S) • Santiago de las Vegas (W) • Trinidad (Th) • Victoria de las Tunas (Th) • Puerto Rico • Arecibo (F) • Caguas (Th) • Guayama (F) • Humacao (Tu) • Mayaguez (Th) • Ponce (Tu) • San Juan (Tu) • Yauco (W) •

Map by Ben Albert Benson

Caribbean Calling

YOU'VE dreamed of a West Indian idyl among tilting palms beside indigo seas—where time is something to take, not to beat. Or you've eyed fondly a pleasure junket up the old Spanish Main. Those dreams will take shape in June—when Rotary's 1940 Convention in Havana draws you and your family to this realm of romance and realism. But how is your geography? Suppose we dust it off. What, first of all, are the West Indies? They are that arc of islands which sweeps east and south from Florida to Venezuela. The waters inside that arc are the Caribbean Sea (named after the once populous but now nearly extinct Carib Indians). These almost countless islands comprise 100,000 square miles of land, have 10 million people. The group of larger islands—Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, and Puerto Rico—is called the Greater Antilles. The chain of islands between Puerto Rico and Trinidad is known as the Lesser Antilles. But each West Indian island has a rich individuality worth long study—as has each of the South and Central American countries bounding the Caribbean. Firsthand study should prove the most fruitful.



Photos: H. Armstrong Roberts

SEA, SAND, palms, and sky—the scenic trademark of Caribbean shores. A tropical sun is a part of this picture, too, but wave-cooled trade winds temper it to an afternoon average of 82°. And speaking of palm trees, Cuba alone has 30 varieties.

DIVING BOYS plunging for coins tossed from a passenger liner in a West Indian port. Havana divers swim out to incoming vessels.



A "MUST STOP" for feminine tourists in Nassau, "Mecca of the Bahamas" and one-time pirate port, is this outdoor sisalware market.



Photos, unless otherwise designated,
Ewing Galloway



JAMAICAN harvest of happiness—on one of the island's many banana plantations.

Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts



PUERTO RICO'S answer to the problem of modern, low-cost housing. . . (Below) The citadel-tomb of Christophe of Haiti, the slave who became king. It mounts 365 guns.



THIS old windmill in a cane field in Barbados still does its daily turn. . . (Right) The cathedral in Trujillo, Dominican Republic, in which the body of Columbus is said to rest. The casket is visible in the lowest arch. . . (Below) "Headers" coaling a ship at St. Thomas.

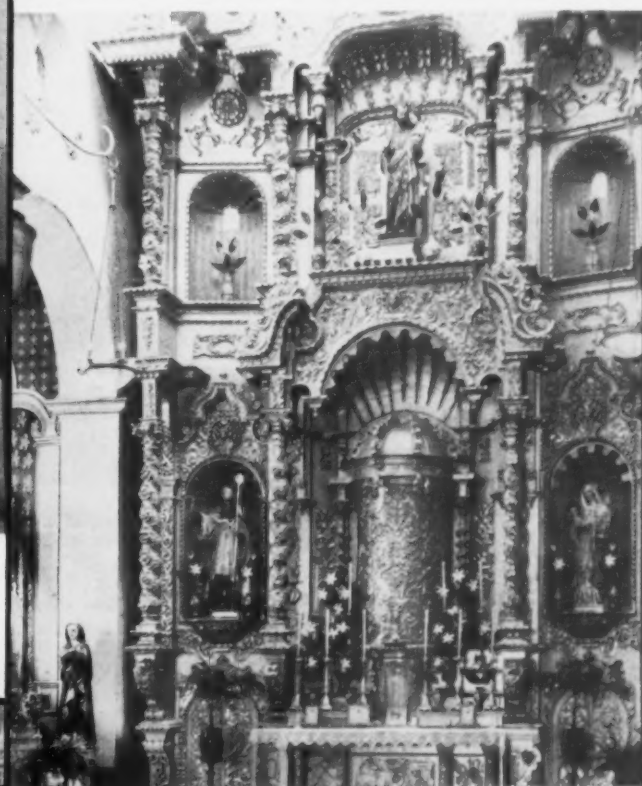




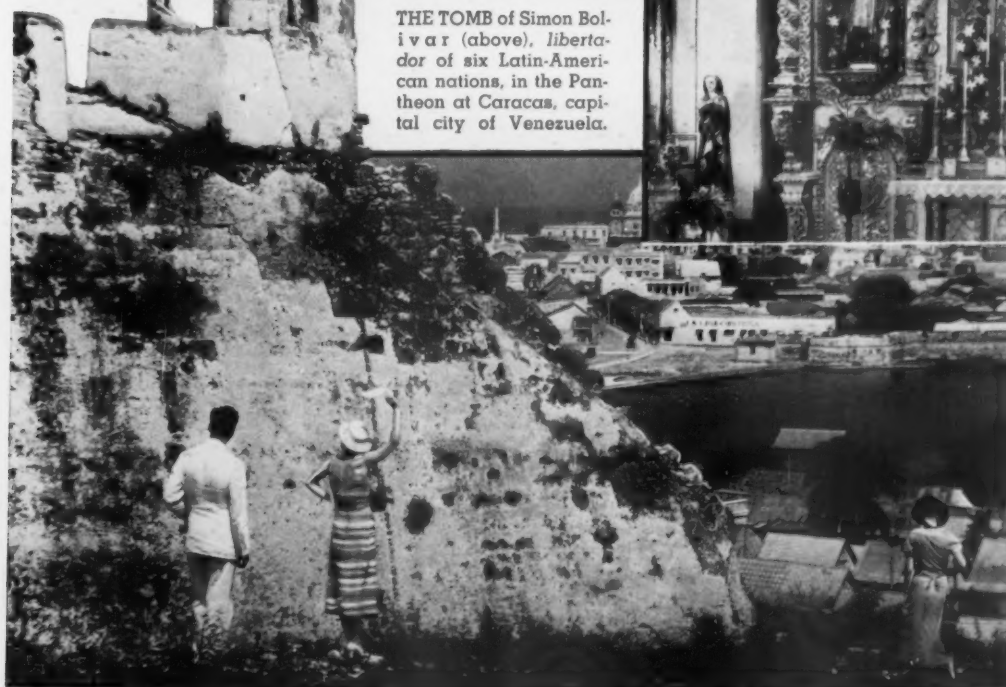
LIFE'S TEMPO is tranquil in Trinidad—as this picture of youth at absolute rest connotes. The island, second largest of the British West Indies, is famous for its bottomless lake of asphalt. Its export list runs the tropical gamut from coconuts to India rubber.



THE TOMB of Simon Bolivar (above), liberator of six Latin-American nations, in the Pantheon at Caracas, capital city of Venezuela.



AN IBERO-AMERICAN example of ecclesiastical decoration at its most ornate is this (above) in St. Joseph's Church in Panama City. The altar and pulpit are entirely encrusted with gold.



THESE ramparts of San Felipe Fortress (left) in Cartagena, Colombia, once fended off the assaults of the most redoubtable buccaneers of the Spanish Main, but energetic modern tourists find them easy to storm. The old fort now houses a waterworks reservoir.

Photos: (above & next above) Grace Line



Photos: (below) Galloway; (left) Thos. F. Lee from same



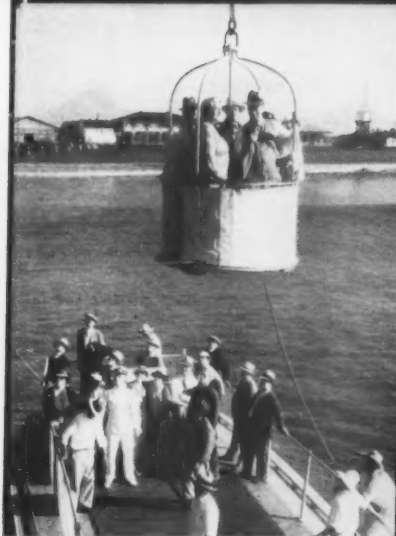
AN AIR VIEW of Momotombo, the continuously erupting Nicaraguan volcano which impelled Victor Hugo's pen to poetry. . . . (Left) A native girl of Costa Rica, the Central American republic best known in the markets of the world for its high grade of coffee.

Photo: (right) Salazar



THE residence of the President of Honduras (above), at Tegucigalpa, the capital city. . . . The church (right), recalling the colonial period, is at Sonsonate, El Salvador. Note the volcano on skyline.

Photo: (below) Carnegie Institution



GOING ASHORE in a basket—at San Jose, Guatemala. Lighters bring passengers to the port, which cannot accommodate large ships, and this device lands them safely. San Jose is the harbor for Guatemala City, the capital. . . . (Right) Temple of Warriors at Chichen Itza, Mexico, a Mayan ruin partially restored in recent years.



Be Thankful for Your Competitors

By J. C. Aspley

President, The Dartnell Corporation

They're useful fellows, for though they may take one of your 'sure' orders, they also create them for you.

BACK in those gay and roaring '90s, when the affairs of State were settled around the stove at the crossroads store, the pickle salesman was the aristocrat of the drummers. In addition to a bug-gyful of samples, he usually carried a pocketful of nails. When his customer was off guard, the wily salesman deftly dropped a few nails into the barrel containing his competitor's pickles. He let the nails work for him.

And then there was the typewriter salesman. His stock in trade was a screwdriver. Every time he ran into a competitive situation, he proved his competitor's machine was mechanically inferior by slyly loosening an adjustment screw. And, believe it or not, there are still office-appliance manufacturers who have an iron-clad rule against putting equipment in on trial, so vividly do they remember the screwdriver artists of a generation ago!

We smile about this now, but it was no smiling matter then. Men literally frothed at the mouth upon the mention of a competitor. And this competitor-hating complex was found even in Rotary. Yes, there were in the beginning some whose main object in joining Rotary was to keep their competitors out. It was the spirit of the times. "We don't buy out our competitors," said John H. Patterson, of National Cash Register fame, to a group of his salesmen, "we knock them out." And they did.

But, mind you, that was a long time ago. Businessmen in those days spent so much time getting even with competitors, cooking up schemes to steal away each other's customers, and doing all they could to "knock somebody out" that there was little time left for constructive planning and selling. I recall my own experience 25 years ago as a cub reporter for a New York advertising journal. My job was to interview business-

men and write articles about how they were marketing their products. It was tough sledding. The regulation objection was something like this: "Don't be silly. Why should I tell our competitors how we get business?"

Then came the change. It began to dawn on businessmen that competitors might be useful. And, strangely enough, the leader in the new thinking, which has since done so much to foster America's leadership in business, was this same John H. Patterson. He was one of the first American businessmen to realize what is now an accepted truth—that *clean competition makes for more business*. Today the National Cash Register Company welcomes the opportunity to share its experience with others, including its competitors.

There is no philanthropy about this policy. N.C.R. does it because it pays. Mr. Patterson once told me why: "Our competitors will find out what we are doing quickly enough, so we might as well tell them ourselves. Then, at least, we will know what they know. The more we can encourage competitors to use constructive methods, the less need they will have for cutting prices and using destructive methods."

Mr. Patterson's constructive philosophy is now accepted by all smart business leaders. When Studebaker staged a series of meetings to introduce its Champion car to its distributors, Paul G. Hoffman, Studebaker's president, invited dealers selling competitive cars to attend the meetings, too. "The more our competitors know about the good points of our car, the less they will depend upon hearsay and use their imagination." It was smart selling. Not only did Mr. Hoffman raise the standard of his competitors' selling, but he won their respect. If you can make your competitors respect you, they are not very likely to say anything

unsportsmanlike against you. They can even help you.

Not long ago in New York I had occasion to congratulate the president of an electric-razor company which had just won an important patent suit. As a result of this suit, 34 out of 41 of the company's competitors went out of business. "I'm not so sure," he said, "that this is going to be a break for us. Of course, we are glad to see the industry rid of some of these cheap razors which won't shave and are only turning people against all electric razors; but remember, there are 40 million Americans still to be converted to dry shaving—and that is far too big a job for any one company. It calls for the constructive advertising and educational activities of several companies. It is going to cost 40 million dollars. That is why we are thinking seriously of sharing our patent rights with half a dozen of our competitors. We need help in creating national acceptance for dry shaving."

WHEN the typewriter was introduced, there was a great prejudice against it. Horace Greeley summed it up when he declared flatly that he could not imagine himself being so vulgar as to write a business letter with a machine. Against such resistance one company and a handful of salesmen might have worked for years without bringing about public acceptance for typewritten letters in business. What did the job quickly was an army of competitive salesmen. They spread over the country and every typewriter they sold sold others; so that today, within a lifetime, business letters written in longhand are as dead as the dodo. A well-deserved tribute to the creative force of clean competition.

Not long ago the manufacturer of a certain automobile thought it might be a good thing if he did

some advertising. He didn't know much about advertising; but everyone seemed to use it and he thought perhaps he ought to advertise, too. He thought he would use space in the newspapers of cities where he had distributors, or send direct mail to lists furnished by his dealers. So he called in an advertising man who represented a paper in one of the cities. He told this man what he had been thinking. "What you want to do," said the newspaper representative, "is to spend all your money in newspapers. Don't waste it by sending out circulars. Nobody ever reads them, you know. Just look at that wastepaper basket! It's full of them. Don't experiment. Use newspaper advertising, and lots of it!"

But the manufacturer was not convinced. Neither was he impressed with the evident self-interest shown by the newspaper representative. So he decided to hear what his printer had to say.

"Of course," said the printer, "newspaper advertising is all right. If I owned a store, I certainly would advertise week-end bargains in the local newspaper. But it's not for automobiles. People just don't buy automobiles from newspaper ads. Their minds are too cluttered up with war news, murders, and what have you? No, if you want to sell your cars, reach hand-picked prospects in the quiet of their homes, when their minds are receptive to sales suggestions. Don't waste your money in newspapers. Spend it for direct mail."

WELL, what happened? Just what you would expect to happen. The manufacturer, after listening to the two salesmen, decided that if nobody read direct mail, and newspaper advertising was no good for automobiles, the best thing to do would be to save his money and not advertise at all. And that is exactly what he did. Everybody lost.

Now, consider what might have happened. Suppose these two men had used creative instead of destructive salesmanship. Suppose the newspaper salesman had been big enough to admit that both mediums had their points. Suppose he had recommended

newspaper advertising as the backbone of the effort, but suggested results might be stepped up by a supporting direct-mail campaign. Then suppose the printer had been big enough to say that while he was in the direct-mail business, and naturally favored that method of advertis-

now —

What do YOU think? You've read Author Aspley's views. He, Canadian born and Chicago educated, is editor and publisher of the "American Business" Magazine—an authority on sales problems. Do you agree with him? Or the others whose writings are listed on page 63? Are YOU thankful for YOUR competitor? Write a letter to the "Talking It Over" Department. It may win you \$3—but it must be received by March 5. (If you live outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, or Bermuda, your deadline is April 1—and you are eligible for another \$3 prize.)



ing, he would not recommend it to the exclusion of newspaper advertising. Suppose he suggested that in addition to the direct-mail campaign, the interest developed be kept alive by modest copy in the local newspaper? What then would have been the result? The probability is that both salesmen would have received a nice contract for their trouble. One would have helped the other to build up the buyer's confidence in advertising. Together they would have encouraged him, instead of discouraging him. The simple application of the Golden Rule would have had mutual benefits.

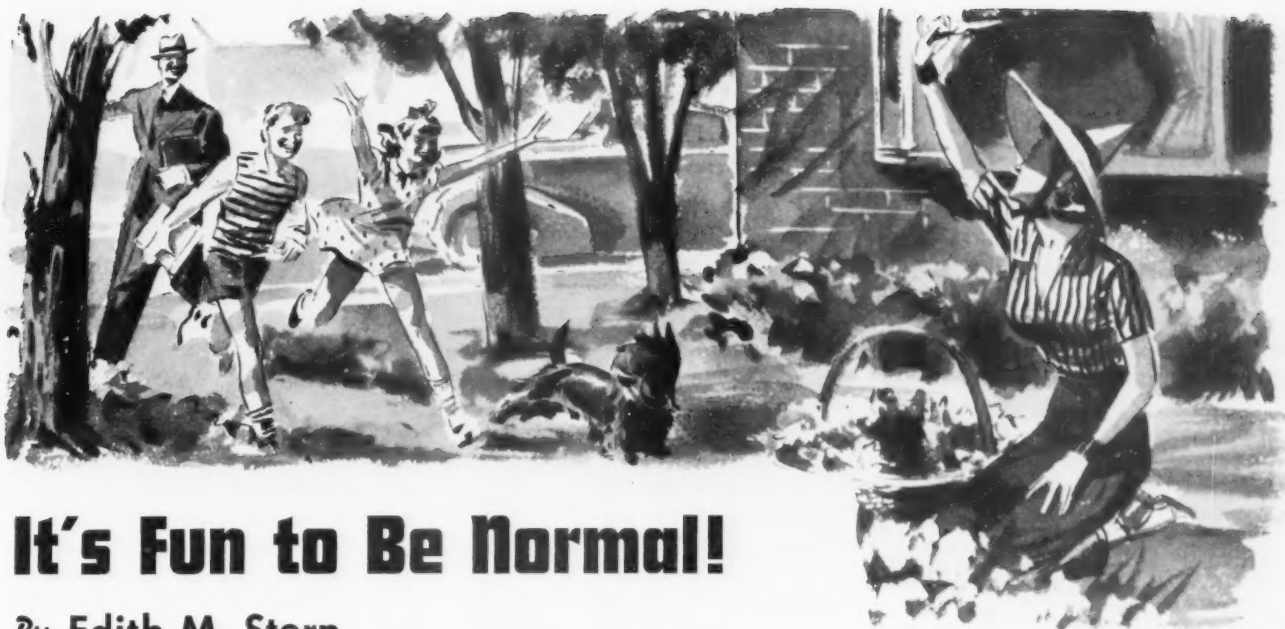
Yes, competitors can be useful—very useful. While they may take an occasional order away from us, they also create orders which ultimately fall into our lap. Indeed, competition is the very essence of the American system of private enterprise. It is the glue that holds it together. It is what makes it work. Without competition, business would quickly degenerate into a system of guilds and monopolies. The level of prices would soon get out of line with national purchasing power, and the State would have to take business over to make it function effectively as a service to society.

While this competitive system of ours may not be perfect, it works. It may pause to catch its breath once in a while, but it has given to the United States a standard of living enjoyed by few other countries today. Do we want to keep it? Then let's stop bellyaching about our competitors. Let's stop trying to slap them down. Let's stop hating them. Let's recognize them for what they really are—a necessary part of our industrial and social system, and think more about working with them rather than against them.

IT IS sometimes said that competition is bad because it is fundamentally destructive. That is a favorite argument of those who want to see the profit system emasculated. But these idealists forget that people are lazy. We all seek the line of least resistance. Most of us would rather play than work. The best of us need a kick in the pants every now and then. It keeps us from getting too soft and flabby. We need someone to keep us on our toes, and to prevent our going stale on the job. That is where a fast-stepping competitor helps us. He keeps us stepping just a wee bit faster. He makes us put forth that extra effort which wins. Should we hate a man who helps us to win?

Yet some folks do. We know Rotarians who agree in theory with the philosophy expressed here; but when it comes to agreeing to a breakdown of their classification in order to admit a competitor, they turn thumbs down on the suggestion. "Why should I let him in? I pay dues to keep him out." Modern business has no place for little-minded fellows. It demands men who can see beyond their nose.

As Rotary marches forward to larger opportunities of service, the classification rule aimed at limiting the benefits of membership to one company in an industry or profession might well be broadened. What greater service could Rotary render to its membership and to society at large than to bring good competitors together, so that they can know one another better and work constructively one for the other?



It's Fun to Be Normal!

By Edith M. Stern

FOR TWO YEARS, now, I've been living in a red-brick colonial house in a Maryland suburb. When I awake in the morning, I hear birds and I see trees outside my window. After my children have left for school, in the matutinal flurry common to all households, I plan my meals, market in an uncrowded, genial store, in an uncrowded, friendly village.

Part of the day I spend at my desk, with a bit of puttering now and then, or a stroll out in the yard to see how the shrubs are coming and to uproot a few weeds. In the middle of the afternoon the children come bursting in with the can't-possibly-wait news. Later I call for my husband at the bus. We have an early dinner that permits a leisurely evening, and a respectable bedtime that enables us to rise early, refreshed.

Not very exciting? Not news? No, it isn't news to the thousands of women who lead the same kind of life, and complain of its dullness. But it's new, and thrilling, to me, for after having spent most of my life in one of those glamorous circles about which suburban matrons daydream while they're doing the dishes, I have, for the first time, discovered the fun of being normal.

My particular set were the New York writing crowd and their hangers-on. I was on first-name terms with the literati. I sprawled

on modernistic divans in Greenwich Village, talking of life, letters, and Freud, and on penthouse terraces I avidly exchanged literary gossip.

In my early 20s I married a young attorney and, even after my children were born, kept up both my work and my diversions. Four times a week, at least, we emerged from the apartment with a good address which we leased at a fabulous rental and went to concerts or openings; during the intermissions we saw and were seen. There were the latest in exotic films and modern music and one-man art shows, the most recently "discovered" restaurants to be sampled; there were parties that ended with breakfast in Harlem, and epicurean dinners where the *bon mots* of the celebrated guests found their way to the columns.

Up and down the Eastern seaboard I scurried, giving lectures on contemporary literature to women who continually told me how much they envied my life, and wistfully contrasted it with the stuffiness of their own. "I do absolutely nothing," these homemakers, gardeners, and committeewomen would lament. "What a satisfaction it must be to accomplish so much, and what fun to know such interesting people."

Most normal women, like the good ladies in my audience, sigh, at one time or another, for a glam-

orous metropolitan sophistication. But they're fooling themselves. No one ever finds happiness in the chronic excitement which leaves no time or energy for common, everyday satisfactions. What we all really want is 'normality, including washday, the cracks over the front door, Japanese beetles, and the children's questions.

That I finally found it was thanks to no mystic revelation, but to the cold, hard facts of the depression. My husband's formerly thriving practice went to pot, and we lost all our reserves. When he was offered a responsible position in a region we had called "the sticks," we grasped it.

My friends shook their heads when they heard of our contemplated move. How could I, urbanite of the urbanites, survive outside the boundaries of the Center of the Universe? Since to a New Yorker there is nothing urban outside New York, we decided that we wouldn't live in the other city, but take to the suburbs and give the children the benefits of the country. Thanks to FHA financing, we bought a comfortable, commonplace house, like innumerable other comfortable, commonplace houses, and resigned ourselves to immolation at a regular salary.

Step by step, I have learned that far from having buried myself, I have come alive. For full lives,

like enduring art and literature, are based on the eternal simplicities.

My first satisfying contact with the commonplace came when the colored girl asked me, "When are we going to put up preserves?" Put up preserves? I had never thought of it. In New York apartments there is no shelf space for preserves. In New York life one does not, except for changes in dress and recreation, note the passing of the seasons. To keep face with her, I procured great baskets of peaches, and dusky plums, and grapes. I sat with her

craving to have roots that is far more powerful in most human beings than the desire to be "free." Every time we make one of our routine payments on our home we say smilingly, "Now we own it up to the second step." "Now, back to the kitchen door."

With every addition or alteration the house becomes part of us, and we part of it, whether we lay linoleum over bare, unsightly concrete; screen a porch where mosquitoes had held Roman holiday; whitewash markers for the driveway so that the lilac bush at its side will be spared; or build in a

sympathy until they've heard the news accidentally at a night club. We lend one another punch bowls and lawn mowers and butter; we park our children with the family across the street, and the family across the street parks its children with us. We are drawn naturally together not only by personal but also by common public interests. I like sharing the holiday spirit that moves us all when simultaneously we decorate our houses with flags on patriotic anniversaries or with colored lights at Christmas time, and when we trek, all at the same hour, toward a bazaar or play at our public school.

I have, besides, been heart-warmingly made to feel needed and wanted here. Once a week I act as readers' advisor in the little library that has been heroically built up by a determined group of booklovers. I help the literature committee of the Women's Club prepare its programs for the year. In an emergency I put on an apron and assist at the school cafeteria. I bake a cake for the local welfare bazaar. At P.T.A. meetings I raise my voice and help shape the policies of our school, and when the children's playground is not well policed, I make a direct protest that is far more effective than a letter to the *Times*.

Ordinary contributions to community living, these, performed continually by thousands of housewives everywhere. But one must, perhaps, experience the futility that goes along with gossiping and whirling around in the "right circles" of Manhattan to appreciate thoroughly the glow that comes with actually doing something you know is immediately useful.

OFTEN I have heard complaints about the dullness of small-town social life. But I am actually less constricted than before. Among my friends, now, I number a radio mechanic, an entomologist specializing in cockroaches, a former actress who retired to rear four children, two schoolteachers, a building contractor, and the proprietor of a small grocery store. Normal Americans, unlike Riviera expatriates and megalopolitan intellectuals, have the fun of mingling with all kinds of people.

I have discovered, too, there



"WITH EVERY addition or alteration the house becomes part of us, whether we lay linoleum over bare, unsightly concrete . . . or build a permanent bookshelf for the children."

in the kitchen and helped prepare the fruit, watching the container of peeled peaches grow fuller and fuller, the container of unpeeled grow hearteningly empty. I hovered over the steaming kettle as we cooked the fruit and sugar, sniffing the pungently sweet air, and, under her direction, helped sterilize the jars and glasses. She showed me, with a dexterity born of experience, how to fill the containers and to test them after they were sealed. The rows of filled jars, on my basement shelves, gave me a keen esthetic satisfaction, and every now and then I crept downstairs to gloat over them. Every time we opened a jar that Winter it was like seeing one of my manuscripts in print.

If it is normal to garner and enjoy the fruits of the harvest, it is normal, too, to be buying your own home, for ownership gratifies the

permanent bookshelf for the children, now that they have reached the age where books will supplant toys. The repairs we make ourselves when a faucet goes out of commission endear the house to us like a child whom one has nursed through illness. I have watched the modest stock of shrubbery in which we invested the first Spring grow and blossom, like my contentment.

I am developing roots, too, in the community, as well as in my home and garden. Moderately well regarded though I was in my former milieu, given a certain amount of space in the papers, never before have I experienced the genial sense of really belonging. Friendly associations, in this suburb, come easily and often.

When someone in my family is ill, my neighbors know immediately, and don't wait to extend their

are fine minds among people who never become famous, and altruists whose names don't appear on impressive lists of sponsors. My daughter's music teacher, for instance, a little wren of a woman who teaches on a battered upright piano in her frame house, is not only a good teacher, but also a profound musical scholar. Down the street, the sister of a clergyman has been corresponding with a Jewish dentist in Germany, and, alone and unpublicized, tries to devise means of resettling him and a group of his friends. And then we have celebrities in our midst, too, if you define celebrities as persons esteemed among discerning colleagues rather than popularly celebrated with a press agent's help. My next-door neighbor, who mows his own lawn and cooks picnic suppers for his three small children, is one of the nation's best authorities on marine biology.

And even the "ordinary" American often has more to give me in the way of information and philosophy than the purveyors of literary gossip. Profitably I've listened to mothers exchanging experiences at school conferences: they work out solutions to their own and their children's difficulties with a clear-sighted commonsense my metropolitan friends, who frequent offices of psychoanalysts, might well envy. Some of my most fruitful hours lately have been spent chatting with the skilled mechanics who come to do odd jobs on the house. Accustomed to using both their hands and their heads, they have a down-to-earth realism combined with a keen analytical faculty. If ever I wanted to pull political or economic wool over anyone's eyes, I'd choose a poet or novelist rather than a carpenter or a plumber!

Around our community we don't have an abnormal concern in the affairs of other nations. Within our means, we contribute to the relief of distressed peoples, but we know that agitated discussions of ideologies while the canapés are being passed won't save the world, and we go into no sporadic dithers about what's going to become of democracy. Matter-of-factly, we preserve it by the way we live.

"Surely," I've been told, "you must miss the tempo of big-city

life." I don't! I find, in this commonplace life of mine now, that luxurious quantities of time have been released for whatever I most wish to do, whether it be identifying the birds who fly around my yard, cogitating, or working with my hands. Mail is delivered only twice a day. That means two instead of five anxious trips to the door. I need not wait upon elevators, however speedy, to ascend or descend 20 floors.

BUT plenty of time is more than a happy contrast to being always hurried. It is a good in itself—a priceless essential of normality. You can keep house when you have very little time, but you cannot make a home; you can get along amiably with your husband, but you cannot develop a really fruitful intimacy; you can see that your children get good physical care, but you cannot follow, guide, and enjoy their development. That precious intangible, family unity, flowers only through slow, leisurely cultivation, uninterrupted by alarms and excursions.

And I've been freed in another way, also. At last I'm able to enjoy my birthright of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I can be myself. True, my comings and goings are more visible to my neighbors than when I was a cliff dweller, but my goings and comings are so ordinary that neither the neighbors nor I care. Only normal Americans really do as they please: the others are always putting on a show for the rest of us, for one another, for society reporters, or for the doorman. If I drop out of print for a while, it no more affects my local prestige than if I'm obviously economizing, for in this way of life we're judged more by what we are than what we do or have.

In dazzling circles where cynicism passes for wisdom and sentiment for sentimentality

"FRIENDLY associations, in this suburb, come easily. We lend one another punch bowls, lawn mowers, and butter."

you escape humdrum domesticity; but only when you fulfill the basic human needs for love, for stability, and for peace, day by day, detail by detail, do you escape emotional conflict and find happiness. Here, I'm emotionally free. Here it's customary to love your husband and children, and not necessary to "express yourself" or to live daringly, for fear of being thought "bourgeois" or "dull."

Today, when occasionally I encounter the sophisticates with whom I was once so much at home, I see that they're not having much fun. They seem to me to be eternally chasing an eternally unattained goal, and running away from life in an attempt to seize it. The rest of us do what has to be done, like building a tool house in the back yard, tiding over the Evans's until Bill gets a job, or sorting the laundry, and though we may champ at the bit of normality, in the long run we have what we want—and what everybody really wants. The inner satisfactions of a harmonious domestic and community life are deeper and more enduring, richer in human values, than a succession of external stimuli.

Because, now, I know the fun of being normal, my former haunts seem alien. Joyfully I live in America, the America where countless people take the good life for granted.

Illustrations by
Wendell O. Kling



Are 'Comics' Bad for Children?

Yes

DECLARES SILAS BENT



A newspaperman turned critic is Silas Bent, who here laments the passing of the old-time "funny paper." Graduate of Ogden College in Kentucky, and staffman on many journals, he has taught, authored books, and done publicity and free-lance writing. Most noted of his books is "Ballyhoo—The Voice of the Press." His latest volume is "Newspaper Crusaders."

Do cartoon strips confuse youngsters, creating a false sense of values? Or are they innocent diversion? Letters from readers are invited.—Editors.

ELZEY ROBERTS, publisher of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, examined 11 comic strips in his paper not long ago and found a trace of comedy in but one of them. Hot under the collar, he wrote an editorial suggesting that this feature was being "overemphasized to the detriment of American youth." The unfunny "funnies" he listed as picturing a fist fight, a domestic quarrel, despair, deception, fright, theft, torture, death, and murder. "Certainly no editor in his right

mind," Mr. Roberts wrote, "would have selected such subjects to run in ten out of 11 comics in one day. . . . Should the editor drop a comic strip permanently when it emphasizes the horror or the crime angle? And if so, how should he answer the complaints of the readers who want to continue it?"

In response to a request for comment, readers—parents, I suspect—wrote in round condemnation of the thrillers predominant

in the comic strip. One said that they dealt with "stuff we absolutely refuse to let the kids see in the movies." Another said the police should raid newspapers "which no longer have any respect for decency."

Among the few newspapermen who received the editorial with enthusiasm were the editors of *Newsdom*, a weekly trade journal, who hailed it as "a pioneering step of unusual significance." They said newspaper comics were "leading to more public resentment than perhaps even editors surmise," and hinted at the danger of censorship. And they cast a side-light on one of the reasons for the change in the nature of this "feature."

"Undoubtedly," a *Newsdom* editorial said, "the comic strip continuity is more effective in building circulation than the gag cartoons which have new situations every day. The ghastliness of the comic strips results from this necessity of creating continuity. It is comparatively easy to get a reader to buy a newspaper if he is palpitatingly curious to find out how the scantily clad heroine manages to get out of the way of the 40th Century mysterious death-dealing machine which threatens to blow her lovely, futuristic form into gory little bits. . . . It is much harder to build sustained interest around less pulsating matters."

Robert B. Choate, editor of a daily paper in Boston, Massachusetts, cast another sidelight on the matter when he wrote a letter to be used in an advertisement, saying, "The *Herald-Traveler* leads all other New England newspapers in advertising, year after year, because of the consistent reader appeal of such features as 'The Gumps.'"

That advertisement listed 32



TYPICAL of the "slapstick comics" of 1903, which have nearly faded from America's "funnies," is this "Foxy Grandpa" cartoon by Schultze, suggesting: "Boys will play pranks."

features carried by the *Herald-Traveler* to edify the erudite of Boston. Perhaps Dr. George Gallup, president of the American Institute of Public Opinion, is right when he says flatly that "editors are prone to underestimate a man's intelligence."

But if comic strips increase advertising as well as circulation, as Mr. Choate indicates, what prospect is there of a voluntary response to *Newsdom's* demand for remedial action? A high newspaper executive with whom I discussed this matter told me flatly that there was none. Other executives and editors differ in their answers, as was revealed by a symposium forecasting the newspaper of the year 2000, assembled in *Editor and Publisher*, another weekly organ of the industry. Walter M. Harrison, former editor of the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman*, and a few others drearily foresaw the death of the comic strips. George [Continued on page 53]



NO! SAYS CARTOONIST CHESTER GOULD

WHAT? The "comics" aren't funny anymore? Well, the "funny" ones still are! — and then we have a newer type of "comics," like the "good old detective" strip.

I agree that few cartoon strips of today hold up for juvenile emulation the mischievous young rascals who plant ticks in their elders' chairs or snatch steaming mince pies from kitchen-window sills, but there are those who never thought those antics so very funny anyway. And, too, there are those who think the cartoon strips of today, which serialize dramatic adventure, lead the old slapstick stuff about the way a 1940 Rolls-Royce does a 1912 Model T on a superhighway.

I really feel that Dick Tracy, my own *protégé*, really needs no

The man behind the adventures of Supersleuth Dick Tracy is Cartoonist Chester Gould, who began drawing his famed protégé in October, 1931. A native of Oklahoma, Cartoonist Gould was graduated from Northwestern University's School of Commerce in 1923. When pressed, he admits crime detection as his hobby!



Photo: Don Wallace

defense. But we'll just chat about him and some of his pals of the strip world anyway. Dick is a detective. He has a career because there is crime. And as long as civilization has love and romance, adventure, and the need to accumulate the wherewithal to live, there will be crime. Hence we have Dick Tracy and Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance and Charlie Chan, and telling their adventures is just another way of educating as well as amusing the public.

Old Carlyle, if I remember a college course aright, wrote a book to prove that we mortals are hero worshipers. We thrill vicariously to stories of action and adventure. If our hero uses his wits and makes us use ours, so much the better. That's why Sherlock Holmes is immortal, why he will live long. Woodrow Wilson, when cares of State pressed heavily, revelled in detective stories.

Do I hear that the cartoon strips should be suppressed because youngsters get bad ideas from them? Then we should also bash in our radios and padlock the public libraries and the movie houses. For a boy and girl can hear over the radio or read in the public library murder-mystery stories galore. And the "horse operas"—cowboy and gun-play pictures—draw the biggest crowd of juveniles. The more action, the better!

If a boy is brought up in a healthy [Continued on page 54]



Rx Sulfapyridine

Saved My Life

Says **Stephen J. McDonough**

Author and Journalist

FIVE years ago a German chemist, Gerhard Domagk, while working in his laboratory on dyestuffs found that one of his red dyes would kill germs. Ten months ago his discovery saved my life.

When sulfapyridine and I met, I was about as near the pearly gates as anyone gets without knocking. After what seemed to be a light attack of influenza—later diagnosed as “walking pneumonia”—my right ear began to drain profusely.

As a writer on medical subjects, I have imagined, like a first-year medical student, that I had every disease in the book. Indigestion pains made me think I had heart trouble; a stiff neck was a sure sign of meningitis; a cough presaged tuberculosis.

But when this real illness came along, I ignored it, just as all physicians and most nurses pooh-pooh their own ailments. Anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of anatomy should know that a chronic draining ear might mean danger. But in my educated ignorance I went blithely on to report two medical meetings for my press association and had started in on a third in New Orleans, Louisiana, when I was caught up by an acute infection of the mastoid—that spongy bone behind the ear from which inflammation spreads rapidly into the brain.

My friends rushed me to the hospital, where one of the country's most skilled surgeons told me, “We'll just go in there and

clean it out”—as calmly as though he were going to take the manhole cover off a sewer. Within a few hours he performed one of those masterful operations which require the patience of Job, combined with the delicate touch of a watchmaker and the strength of a rivet bucker. But thanks to my own negligence in permitting the infection to run on unchecked, pneumonia germs had got a firm foothold. Two days later it looked as though mine might be another case of which it would be said, “The operation was completely successful, but the patient died”!

If this had happened six months before, nothing could have been done. When the deadly pneumococcus gets into the tissues surrounding the brain, the result is a type of meningitis from which not more than one in 100 recovers.

But at a time when not many physicians, let alone the public, knew anything at all about sulfapyridine, a friend who was familiar with the research that had been done upon it, found at the United States Marine Hospital in New Orleans, where it was being used experimentally, the only available supply within 500 miles. Because I was considered a medical emergency, he was able to get enough to treat me.

When the drug arrived, I had just enough sense left to follow the nurse's instructions to “open,” “chew,” and “swallow.” She poured the dose into me until my toenails turned blue. When the doctor received the laboratory report that my pneumococcus was Type 3—the deadliest of all—he said, still calmly, “All right, double the dose.”

The nurse was almost ready to

report him for malpractice. His decision was the kind that takes real courage, because the side effects caused by sulfapyridine were then quite unknown. But my life hung in the balance and he didn't hesitate. The drug might kill me; but it was practically certain that the pneumonia germs would kill me in short order unless sulfapyridine got them first.

When he doubled the dose, I had a fever of 106 degrees and was violently delirious. I had gradually turned blue all over. The pupils of my eyes were so dilated that it was impossible to focus them on near-by objects.

Within 18 hours I had a normal temperature and was comfortably relaxed, though during four days of delirium I had to be tied in bed. I woke up with my mind clear.

It sounds miraculous, and it was; not only to me, but also to the physicians and nurses. I was out of the hospital within a week after the sulfapyridine treatment was begun.

A LITTLE earlier I had written a press dispatch reporting that a new drug, sulfapyridine, had been touted as a cure for pneumonia; but I wrote it with my fingers crossed. Along with many in the medical profession I thought, “A chemical which will cure pneumonia? Impossible!”

But now I know it will. I don't trust my own judgment in medical matters. It was the opinion of the attending physicians that it was sulfapyridine, and that alone, which saved my life.

Yet I should have been forewarned by what I already knew of the related drug, sulfanilamide, which has cured such diseases as

scarlet fever, erysipelas, childbed fever, the group of infections commonly called "blood poisoning," brain maladies caused by the meningococcus germ, kidney infections, and some skin disorders. Even undulant fever, typhoid fever, gas gangrene, and malaria have responded to the drug; not all cases, but an amazing number of them.

For at least 4,000 years medical men have been experimenting with drugs, herbs, poultices, baths, teas, and insects for treatment of disease. One sometimes wonders how the human race survived! Yet, until recently, there have been only a few specific remedies which could deliver a knockout punch to the tiny bits of protoplasm we call disease germs.

Sulfanilamide was originally just a brick-red powder—one of the coal-tar dyes used to color cloth. Its power to kill germs had been first discovered in 1909 by a German chemist named Horlein, who found that it would cure septicemia in mice. Like the far-reaching discoveries of Gregor

Mendel about heredity, however, Horlein's work remained unnoticed for a third of a century until Domagk, with the innate curiosity of the scientist, wondered why germs in his tubes of red dye failed to grow.

Far back in the literature he found the answer. When, like Horlein, he tried the dye on mice after injecting them with streptococcus germs, they shook off the death-dealing infection like a child with a mild case of measles.

German physicians found that it worked in humans as well as in mice. And since science is one field of endeavor which recognizes no political boundary, race, or creed, doctors of other countries were soon using it and conducting experiments to improve it.

One scientist of Johns Hopkins University hailed Domagk's work as "the birth of a new era in chemotherapy," or the science of healing by chemicals. That, in ordinary English, meant, "Now, boys, we're beginning to get somewhere!"

Out of research came improved forms of sulfanilamide which were more effective and had fewer bad effects on patients. The search went on for other allied remedies that might be as effective against the pneumococcus as sulfanilamide is against the streptococcus.

This time the trick was turned by two English chemists, Ewins and Phillips. Working together they made 692 unsuccessful at-

tempts to find such a chemical. Number 693 proved to be effective, and the co-discoverers called it "sulfapyridine."

Two healthy rats were taken from the same nest and each was given a dose of 10 million pneumococcus germs. Then, slowly and carefully, progressive doses of No. 693—sulfapyridine—were administered to one of them. That rat sickened with pneumonia, but recovered promptly. The other one died, just as promptly. Again and again the experiment was repeated. Not all the sulfapyridine-treated rats lived through their pneumonia, but about 90 percent of them did. Without sulfapyridine, however, about 90 percent of them died.

WOULD it work the same way on human beings? Medical men are the most cautious creatures I know in trying something new. But if a remedy looks promising, they have more cold nerve in trying it out than an acrobat on a tight rope.

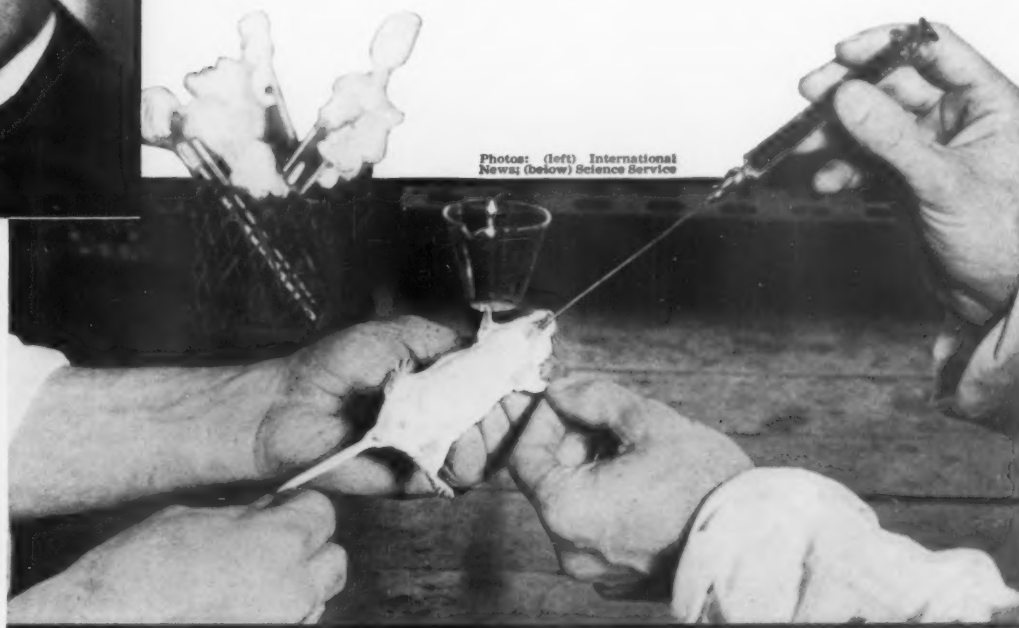
Research workers in England, the United States, France, Germany, Russia, The Netherlands, Italy, and other countries went quietly to work. They used sulfapyridine only in hospitals where they could have constant supervision of the patients and complete laboratory blood checks, hourly if necessary, to prevent harmful effects.

It worked! When sulfapyridine



SAVER of lives—Gerhard Domagk, German chemist. He discovered germ-killing properties in a dye, won for himself the 1939 Nobel Prize in medicine.

WHITE mice were used by Dr. Domagk and other scientists in their experiments with death-dealing germs. This mouse (at right), previously infected with blood poisoning, is being inoculated with a dose of sulfanilamide. A special long tube is used to place the drug.



Photos: (left) International News; (below) Science Service

was used, pneumonia death rates dropped 50 percent or more. Patients who without it would have been gasping under an oxygen tent, received visitors or got up and walked about the hospital.

Because of results like this the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association and the Federal Food and Drug Administration tripped over their collective heels in approving sulfapyridine for general use. (I got mine in the experimental period.)

Care must be taken, however. In some people both sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine cause nausea, vomiting, dilatation of the pupils, and severe allergic reactions. Almost always the patient's skin turns blue when large doses are given, and it may cause destruction of both the white and the red blood corpuscles. These are just a few of the medical reasons why a doctor prefers to use the drugs in a hospital where he has constant supervision of a patient and where there are laboratory facilities to make constant checks on the blood and the concentration of the drug in the body fluids.

Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine in proper doses are not poisonous. But because of the effects they cause in the blood, in the intestines, in the kidneys and bladder,



Photo: Science Service

TWENTY-FOUR hours after these mice were infected with streptococci germs, all but one at the left were dead—and it died shortly after—whereas those at the right were alive and well. The latter had been inoculated with sulfanilamide, related drug of sulfapyridine.

or in the skin, they may cause death when self-administered. For instance, a person suffering from pernicious anemia could easily kill himself by taking enough sulfanilamide to destroy the few red blood cells he had.

The action of sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine is unlike that of such germicides as iodine and mercurochrome, which, literally, step on germs and annihilate them as we do when we step on an insect. Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine smother the disease-causing bacteria. Most disease germs can grow only when they have enough oxygen, just like a human being. They can use oxygen only by first converting it into hydrogen peroxide, the common gargling fluid. Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine

stop this oxygen-conversion process and keep the germs from breathing until the white blood corpuscles consume them.

We are now in the season during which several hundred thousand persons in the United States will acquire the pneumonia infection. The United States Public Health Service lists it as the No. 3 public health enemy of the nation. During the past five years it has been responsible for an average of 104,261 deaths each year.

Mass statistics like that don't mean much to you or me ordinarily. We read them in the newspapers and pass on to the comics—if we don't read the comics first. But suppose it is your little girl or boy, your husband or wife, lying on a hospital bed burning up with fever and gasping for air to keep alive?

When pneumonia crushes down someone you care about, you send up an earnest prayer, and with a sob in your voice say, "Doctor, can't you do something?"

In the past there were many times when he could not. Now he can. This year doctors all over the United States will probably save the lives of as many as 50,000 pneumonia victims. Homes will be kept together and heartaches prevented all over the nation, thanks to sulfapyridine and the skilled physicians who use it!

Those wishing to read further about sulfapyridine and sulfanilamide will find the following references helpful: **Major Miracle**, J. C. Furnas, *Ladies' Home Journal*, Oct., 1939; **Conquering the Great Scourge**, John Janney, *American Magazine*, Oct., 1939; **Sulfapyridine**, Fred Y. Billingslea, *Science*, Jan. 5, 1940; **Chemical Remedy Promises Pleasant Pneumonia Cure**, *Science News Letter*, Dec. 8, 1939; **Sulfanilamide, Wonder Drug, Now Cures 33 Diseases**, *Science News Letter*, July 29, 1939. Your local librarian will help you to find other readings on these new drugs.

THE OXYGEN tent for pneumonia patients has long proved a valiant aid to doctors fighting the ravages of that dread disease. The equipment at the right supplies the essential gas.

Photo: Ewing Galloway



The Sentence of the Court Is—

FIFTEEN hundred and sixty times I have addressed those words to youthful offenders.

Fifteen hundred and sixty boys and girls—"bad" according to the statutes of the State—have been brought into my court. Fifteen hundred and sixty times I have watched the expression on the face of a child as it experienced its first encounter with the law of the land. . . .

The juvenile court over which I have presided for 15 years serves a community of 30,000 persons. We're the same kind of people you'll find in Maine and Florida, in Australia and Canada. It happens we live in Nebraska. None of us is very rich; some of us are desperately poor. We're not totally good nor totally bad. Thus my experience with a typical problem—juvenile delinquency—in a typical community enables me, I feel, to speak with some authority on the subject.

When people ask me, "Judge, what's wrong with the young people of today?" my answer is always the same: "There's nothing wrong with the young folks—the trouble is with their elders."

In my treatment of juvenile delinquents, I have found that nine times out of ten a warrant should be issued for the parents of the child, charging them with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, instead of permitting them to throw all the blame on their offspring.

Another group which tries to place the blame for wrongdoing solely upon the shoulders of the children are the public officials elected to combat lawlessness. I'm sick and tired of having "holier-than-thou" prosecuting attorneys, rough-and-ready police officers, and hair-splitting judges continue to produce youthful criminals.

The record of my court shows

By Ernest L. Reeker

*Judge, County Court, Juvenile Division,
Madison, Nebraska, and Rotarian*

what can be done. Of the 1,560 boys and girls with whom it has dealt, only 50 were sent to penal and correctional institutions; of these, only six continued in a life of crime. Six failures in 1,560 attempts!

Let's see how it works.

Carl was an icebox thief. He was a sorry figure as he shuffled into the courtroom: dirty face, dishevelled hair, clothes in disarray, and a puttylike color to his skin. He mumbled his plea of guilty. His only excuse was, "I'm hungry all the time."

I read the list of stolen articles: butter, cheese, milk, custards. He had passed up cake, pie, and sweets. I wondered why, and ordered a complete physical check-up. The doctor reported—rickets. A diet was recommended containing every item Carl had stolen—*plus* cod-liver oil!

Then I called in his father. Carl's mother was dead. His father, a well-paid railroad employee, maintained a nice home, but there was no housekeeper and the boy was left to shift for himself from early morning till late at night. He had to prepare his own meals, and the father evidently thought a growing youth's diet should consist solely of candy, cold meat, and bread, for that was all he brought home.

I could have sentenced Carl to a reform school, but instead I placed him on probation and gave the father a verbal hiding. Carl finished high school, attended an art academy, and today is a young sculptor of much promise—and far from a social problem.

You may say, "Any judge would

have done the same." But there's the rub—they *don't* do it.

Recently I visited the juvenile court in a neighboring city. A 16-year-old boy was brought in from a jail cell and the court clerk droned the charge against him: "Theft of a box of tools, valued at \$25, all contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State."

The boy mumbled "Guilty"; a policeman reported he had been "hanging around" with a "bad bunch" and ought to be taught a lesson. The judge—without a question as to *why* the boy stole the tools—handed down his decision: "One day for each dollar of value." If you know county jails as well as I, you know that when that boy came out, he had a thorough foundation in crime.

That's the *typical* procedure.

My first case concerned a 15-year-old girl who admitted shoplifting cosmetics and silk underthings. She said she had taken the things so that she might look as



*Photo: Illustrated
Daily News*



PORTRAIT of eight young men with no place to go—going nowhere. Without jobs, without encouragement, they drift . . . and crime finds them pliant, pre-trained recruits. This picture probably could have been made in any city slum, any small-town back alley.

up. Early next morning I found how well he had done the job when an official of a public-utility company called and asked if I didn't have more sense than to nail election dodgers on its posts. My young friend in his zeal had made me liable to fine and imprisonment!

A prominent physician sat in my office one day twisting his fingers and trying to make excuses for his son who had been caught with some other boys stealing copper and brass from a warehouse.

"I had no idea Tom was hanging around with that gang," he wailed.

"Why didn't you?" I asked. "Isn't it your business to know what your son is doing?"

"I've been too busy," he explained.

"What will it profit you to heal the whole world if you lose your own son?" I suggested, paraphrasing a Biblical quotation. "If you knew there was a gang in the community, wasn't it your duty as a good citizen to report it or to see that its energies were directed into worth-while channels?"

"I suppose so," he admitted.

"There's no supposing about it. You good people make me tired," I told him. "You know of youngsters who are headed straight for juvenile court, but just because your own precious child is not a part of the gang you think it's none of your business. You throw the entire responsibility upon the police. It would serve you right if I sent Tom away to an institution."

"No, no, Judge, don't do that!" he pleaded.

"Very well. I'll put your son under probation to you. One more mistake and off he goes. If you can't save your own son from a life of crime, you certainly can't expect others to do it for you," I told him.

When the boy appeared, his complaint was there was nothing for him to do after school. His father was too busy to pay him any attention and he had to go

nice as the other girls at school. A weak excuse? Yes—but I was convinced she was not fundamentally bad. I told her to return home under probation, finish school, and then, through her own efforts, earn enough money to pay for the stolen articles.

Instead of accepting this judgment happily, she screamed at me, "No, no, don't do that! Send me away. I can't go back. They stare so."

Astounded, I asked her what she meant. She whirled and pointed at the courtroom crowded to the doors.

For the first time I realized what the usual crowd of spectators in a juvenile courtroom means to a youthful offender. There they sat—mouths agap, smirking smiles on their faces, bent forward not to miss a single word, eyes glistening with anticipation. Yes, there they sat, he-nudgers and she-gossips, with the morbid interest of witnessing the tragedy in a child's life.

I cleared the courtroom and, alone, convinced the girl she should go home and try it again. She did, and she's a fine young matron in the community today—her "crime" long forgotten.

I'm grateful to that child, for her rebellion resulted in the succeeding 1,559 cases being heard in strict privacy. My courtroom is a simply furnished office with a flat-top desk and chair for me and a chair for the youngster who has run afoul of the law. A few pictures, bookcases, and an American flag are the decorations, and inspire the confidence of the young people who must come to see me. I want them to know me as a friend, not as some ogre waiting to gobble them up. I have never tried to put the fear of the law into the hearts of these children.

ONCE in the midst of a campaign for reelection, a freckle-faced boy who was on probation came to my office. Instead of making a report, he emptied his pockets of small change—a total of 77 cents.

"I want that many of those cards with your picture on them," he explained.

"What do you want them for?" I countered.

"There're a lot of posts around our neighborhood I can nail them on. Gee, Judge, I don't want you to get licked!"

I gave him the posters and paid him half a dollar for putting them

outside to seek his pleasures. He readily admitted the theft and told me it was done more for excitement than anything else. Each one of the gang was called in and told stories practically the same. A group of businessmen interested themselves in the problem and sponsored an athletic association which gives the boys plenty of excitement without violating the law. The solution was, of course, simple once the cause was found.

CONSIDER Blinky for a moment. He was a "tough," the bully of his grade school. He'd whipped every youngster in the neighborhood and was beginning to extend his territory when the police brought him to me as an incorrigible. Blinky sported a black eye, a missing tooth, a longshoreman's vocabulary, and a defiant attitude as he sat across from me.

I couldn't get a coherent story from him, try as I might, so I asked help from a psychiatrist. Imagine my surprise when I was told that if Blinky were provided with a glass eye, he might become a normal, healthy, and happy youngster!

He had lost an eye in an accident and his parents were too poor to have it replaced artificially. The ugly empty socket gave Blinky an inferiority complex which he sought to conquer by proving his physical superiority. The glass eye we got for him changed his whole life. He became a friendly lad who went out of his way to help others.

What earthly good would a reform school have done Blinky?

No, institutional punishment will never take the place of the good old-fashioned hairbrush coupled with parental understanding. I've tried to reconcile myself to the idea that the State should care for youthful delinquents, but I was cured when I visited a reform school recently.

I found, among other things, a prize herd of dairy cattle and a bull which was the pride of the

superintendent. That animal had better quarters and better care and its diet was more closely watched than were those of the 300 boys in the institution. I admire perfection in dumb animals, but I can't place so much value on a prize bull as I do upon a boy or girl.

There is nothing mysterious about crime. Wherever it has been attacked on a businesslike basis, crime succumbs to the forces of right. But it cannot be legislated out of existence. It cannot be choked to death on the gallows nor burned alive in the electric chair. Its roots must be destroyed—and that means stopping the delinquencies among juveniles.

Children are too frequently forced to do things they do not want to do. This is all right as far as discipline is concerned, but when it touches upon the future career of the child, it may be unfortunately the cause of misdeeds.

Joe is an example of this. His grandmother had complained that he daubed the house with paint and played hooky from school. He was brought to my office clutching a box of water colors snatched from the counter of a 10-cent store. Alone, I began to question him. He didn't like school and couldn't see any sense to algebra and Latin. He had other ambitions that seemed, to me, entirely reasonable. But there was still the stolen paintbox.

"What will we do about that, Joe?" I asked.

"Let me take it back to the store and tell the man how sorry I am for what I did," he suggested.

If you think Joe was taking the easy way out, just recall a time when you had to apologize for some wrong you did. It takes courage. So I told him to hurry down and do it.

In half an hour Joe was back, and words were tumbling from his

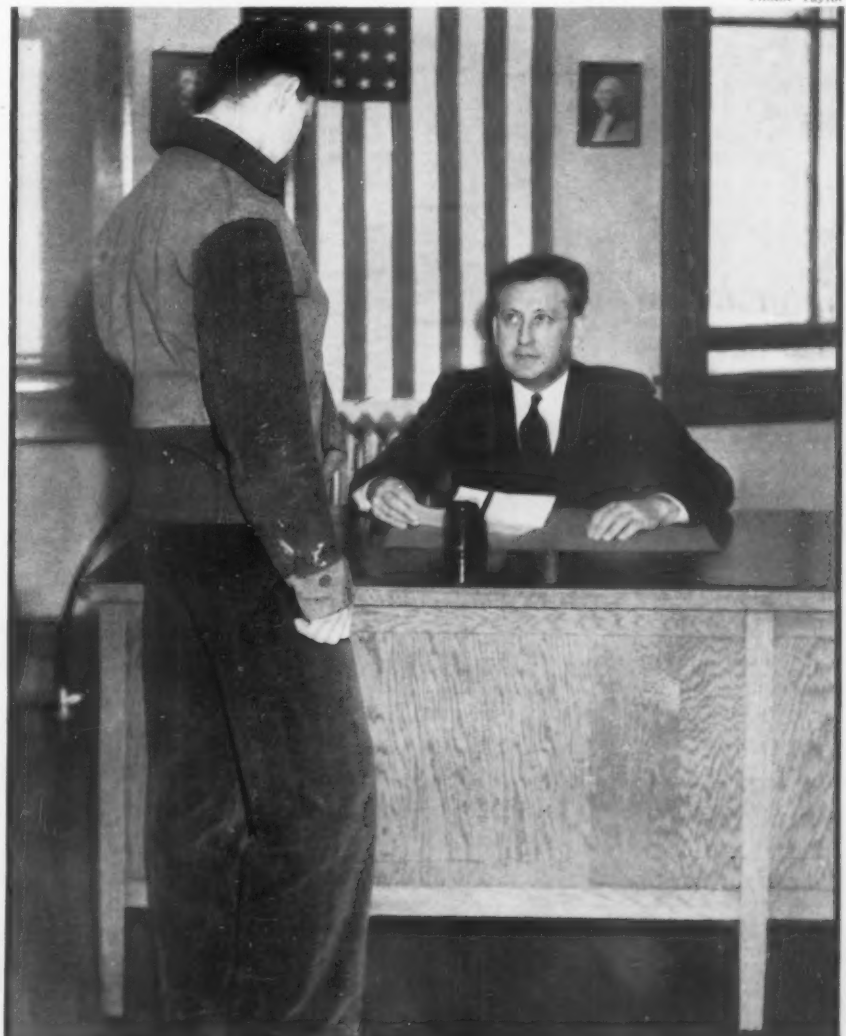


Photo: Taylor

FACING the law—in the person of Judge Reeker. Perhaps the youngest county judge ever elected in Nebraska, Rotarian Reeker has held the office continuously since 1924, lectures, and writes a syndicated column on juvenile problems, has a teen-aged son.

lips: "Say, Judge, that's a swell guy over at the store. He gave me the dickens, but know what? He's going to let me work after school and on Saturdays. I can get those things now. All I have to do is get better grades in algebra and Latin. It's a cinch."

Joe didn't know he was the victim of a "frame-up." The store manager and I had double-crossed him while he was on the way over!

Later his grandmother came sniffing into the office again. "That crazy Joe is at it again, Judge. The whole place is covered with paint. Paint, paint, paint—that's all he does. You've got to do something."

That evening I went to Joe's home expecting to find a mess. Instead a perfectly normal boy met me at the door and led me into a well-lighted basement. The paint was there all right, but beautifully distributed on canvas. I discussed Joe with some art lovers in the community, and now he is attending art school. I'll bet a month's pay that some day his signature on a canvas will mean something.

Yet most juvenile courts would have put him in a reform school—tried to make him a criminal!

All delinquencies are not due to parental neglect. Society itself has a pretty rotten record.

Grace, a waitress, was charged with stealing a purse containing \$2.50. Her employer loudly insisted she be sent to an institution. "She's given my place a bad name," he whined.

Investigation revealed she was an orphan and worked 12 hours a day for \$6 a week, like the other girls. And they had to pay for every dish they broke.

Coughing continually as she told her story, she said she had never been to see a doctor, though she wasn't able to get rid of her cold. It took all her money to pay rent and buy clothing and other necessities. Vehemently she exclaimed, "I'd rather steal than become a street walker like the other girls because the pay is so small!" A doctor confirmed my suspicions that she was suffering with tuberculosis and a few months later she died in the sanitarium where I sent her.

The restaurant owner—what about him? He's still doing busi-

ness, still driving girls into lives of immorality, still a solid citizen, and no law can touch him!

Physical and mental examinations are regular routine in my court in all doubtful cases. We've found children suffering with tuberculosis, syphilis, irritating skin disorders, defective vision, defective hearing, infected teeth and tonsils. The correction of the defect has often transformed a public liability into an asset.

Why in the name of common-sense don't we as a people and, more particularly, we public officials who deal with youth, find the cause of a youth's difficulty and eliminate it? The United States is policed by experienced town marshals, city police, county sheriffs, and State patrols, working in co-operation with Federal authorities. These may be depended upon to track down the mature criminal and bring him to justice.

The mature criminal is the minor part of the crime problem. Most people believe that the Dillingers, Pretty Boy Floyds, and Baby Face Nelsons are the principal menaces in the crime drama. This is not true. Sixty-five per-

CRIME takes dollars out of John Citizen's pocketbook—about \$120 per capita annually in the United States. Crime also takes something out of John Citizen's heart—particularly when the crime is of youth's committing. "Juvenile delinquency," we call it. Judge Reeker's challenging article on the problem of the youthful offender is the fifth in a series on crime and its prevention and curbs. To refresh your memory, the preceding articles are listed herewith:

"But—Crime Does Pay!" John C. Duvall, December, 1939 (facts on the staggering cash cost of crime).

"My 37 Years with 'Criminals,'" George F. Smith, January, 1940 (struggles of a pioneer in Australian penal reform).

"Crime and Society," Havelock Ellis, February, 1940 (on roots of crime).

"So You Lost Your Pocketbook?" Myron M. Stearns, February, 1940 (the pickpocket and how to thwart him).

Your April "Rotarian" is to bring an article on youth in crime by J. Edgar Hoover, famous criminologist.

cent of the United States' annual crime bill of 15 billion dollars may be traced directly to first offenders. And, get this, 99 of every 100 first offenders have juvenile-court rec-

ords as delinquents. I contend there is something wrong somewhere when failures in juvenile courts run that high.

Some cities have junior police; boys' clubs and similar organizations are doing a fine job of combatting juvenile delinquency in many places. However, there is no general coordinated effort. Yet it is a matter of record that wherever the problem has been approached with intelligence, marked progress has been made toward its elimination. When citizens realize correcting existing evils will save them 9¼ billion dollars annually, it won't take long for them to get the job done.

Start the cleanup in the juvenile courts themselves. Eliminate the juvenile-court judges who have no conception of their responsibilities. Many prosecuting attorneys might well be shorn of their offices too. I believe that every law school should include courses to qualify those who aspire to serve as juvenile judges and judges of domestic-relations courts. A lawyer without social vision becomes a judge without social vision.

What has been accomplished in my community can be duplicated anywhere—if the citizenship, the public officials, and the courts co-operate. Look around your own community without rose-colored glasses. What unsavory conditions do you find which are contributing factors to juvenile delinquency? How many really "bad" boys and girls do you know about? What makes them "bad"? How many youthful gangs are there? What would you suggest be done to improve conditions? What can you as an individual do to bring about these improvements? What are your public officials doing about it? Answer these questions—then act!

I'd like to issue a bench warrant for every citizen and assemble them in one gigantic courtroom. Then I would address them thus:

"The defendants will rise and face the court. The sentence of the court is that you leave nothing undone that a people might do to make certain that the children of today do not populate the prisons of tomorrow.

"Court dismissed!"



Newspapers Link the Americas

By Rodolfo N. Luque

Editor, La Prensa, Buenos Aires

OF THE influence of newspapers on relations among the American Republics, much may be said both good and bad. Yet, I should say that the balance is definitely on the positive side.

Admittedly, certain newspapers do warp the truth. They misguide and corrupt minds. They defend that which is to be condemned, destroy reputations, and exalt the disreputable. But who will deny that newspapers are a factor in progress and civilization? More than books, they provide the ordinary person with the means of enlightenment. Even those who because of the extent and excellence of educational training say they have no need of the daily paper, must recognize that they cannot get along without it if they are to be well informed.

What would the average citizen of the United States know of Guatemala, of Brazil, or of Argentina were it not for his newspapers? In school those names may have been in his mind, but surely they would be all but forgotten had not the daily press frequently reminded him of them.

Even though the press of the United States gives relatively little consideration to the Latin-American countries — which is

very natural since the large give little attention to the small, and hence this observation is neither an aspersion nor a reproach—the citizen of the United States fairly often sees news of this sort:

A new President has been elected in Colombia; an international conference has met in Brazil; a representative of Chile has arrived in Washington, D. C.; a distinguished American is visiting Uruguay; crop conditions in Argentina are good or bad; a peaceful settlement has been reached between Bolivia and Paraguay; negotiations are continuing or have been interrupted for solving the question of the boundary between Ecuador and Peru.

For a great variety of reasons, the press brings before his eyes the names of those countries — names infrequently mentioned in familiar conversation. And the news stories carry date lines of the great cities to the south: Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Montevideo, Caracas, Bogotá, São Paulo, Rosario, Santiago, La Paz, Asunción.

In the same way, the citizen of Colombia, for example, learns much more about other American countries and the nations of the other continents, through the

press than he learns through the classroom.

We Latin Americans are better informed about the United States through our schooling and through the daily papers than are North Americans about us. Again, that is a natural thing. The geography lesson about the great Republic to the north is one of the most important, and the example of its emancipation and of its democratic and constitutional organization gives an opportunity to the teachers for simple dissertations that go right to the hearts of the youth. But the picture still has the same proportions. Knowledge of the United States which we acquire in our schools is, however, insignificant compared with the knowledge, constantly renewed, that our daily papers and reviews give us of that great country. That being so, how could anyone deny that the basis of understanding between nations as between men is mutual knowledge?

By the single act of making it possible for us to know each other at a distance and to inform ourselves daily about all the events of public interest that take place in the American countries, the daily papers and reviews—more than books, the motion pictures,

and the radio—draw us together. They teach us to respect each other, and suggest to us ideas of coöperation and solidarity that yield mutual benefit.

Voltaire said that the philosophers ruled the people, not in their own generation, but a century later. That which they teach is not applied by the statesmen who are their contemporaries, but is gathered together by the professors and incorporated into the common knowledge, and then transmitted to the princes by their tutors.

The observation of Voltaire was true, but the time has been cut in half. The press often exercises an immediate influence in the government of the peoples—it being understood, of course, that we refer to the press and the peoples who enjoy liberty—through expression of opinion in editorials. Daily papers take the aspirations and the feelings of public opinion and, in turn, influence that opinion through further enlightening and orienting it.

There is naturally wide variation in this. Some papers are concerned with learning what the masses want and think, in order to please them, even though they be mistaken. Others fulfill the obligation to inform through reporting on the manifested sentiment and will of the people; but they reserve to themselves the right to express their opinions, sometimes favorable to and sometimes unfavorable to the judgment of the majority.

Nevertheless, since the newspapers frequently maintain contrary opinions concerning affairs of the moment, their influence on the public and on the Government is neutralized, and is of indisputable effect only in those affairs where there is harmony in their judgment.

We believe, however, that, like the philosophers, journalists characteristically govern more in the future than in the present. The clash of opinions has a purifying effect, and after some years of controversy—and not a century as in the case of the philosophers, according to Voltaire—the best ideas, those judgments that most nearly approach the truth, those documents that envisage the well-

being of the peoples, eventually assert themselves.

Let us look at the case of Pan-Americanism. Thirty years ago—and doubtless longer—it was explained and discussed in all the newspapers of South America, but those which didn't oppose it with objections worked for it as for a utopia. In general, there was no conviction about Pan-Americanism—that is to say, about a solidarity of feeling and of interest among the peoples of the Western Hemisphere.

As for the objections, they were strong. In the Ibero-American countries there were violent accusations against the imperialism of the United States. In that great Republic there were no less energetic protestations against the

vision of the treaties affecting the sovereignty of Cuba and Panama. It has renounced rights which it could impose by force, and which could not be objected to in the field of law, and does so in recognition of the equality and friendship of the nations of the hemisphere.

In the Latin-American countries no one now seriously fears absorption by the colossus of the North, and, at the table of international conferences, the representatives of the 21 Republics discuss their common affairs without misgiving.

The ideal of Pan-Americanism having triumphed, it is necessary to draw the benefits from this inexhaustible fountain. This is the task of the present. We have already secured the immense benefit of peace, but we haven't secured it completely, because we have not removed the prejudices that sustain economic hostility. But we are on the road to doing so.

The same struggle of 30 years ago between those individuals who, on the one side, asked of the United States Government a strong policy in America, and those who saw everywhere the apparition of imperialism of the North, is reproducing itself today between those who exaggeratedly defend the national production and those who fight for free trade. Gradually the bitternesses must be mitigated and it must be understood that free trade among the peoples of the Americas is not substantially different from the free trade among the States of the Union, that most powerful and marvelous element in the progress of the grand Republic of the North.

Today we of South America have a press divided on this question; but their debates are not to be suppressed. All have to hold to a certain degree of reason, since it is not possible to pass at one stroke from one regime to another without causing disturbances. But everything is going forward.

It has been easier to bring about intellectual exchange than economic exchange. The one carries the other with it. The interchange of professors and students is just beginning, but it should increase rapidly. In the future these should bring about practical results of unmeasured scope.



THE HOME of *La Prensa* (The Press) in Buenos Aires—one of the largest newspapers in the Spanish-speaking world. The author is editor in chief of this influential journal.

damages that would be suffered by its interests and its peoples in the Latin-American countries.

From this clash of ideas, opinions, feelings, judgments, and interests, reflected daily throughout the years in the press, the Pan-American ideal came forth triumphant. In the United States today no one questions the policy of good neighborliness. The Government readily agrees to the re-



BRAZILIAN art has seen many a brilliant phase, but perhaps in none has it come closer to local reality than in its current era—of which Candido Portinari's *Coffee* is a typical work.



THE LAND and its people are also the subject of *The Harvest*, by the Puerto Rican, Rafael Ríos Rey.

A Gallery of Ibero-American Art

By Nicolás Delgado

Rotary Club of Quito, Ecuador

ART in the Americas has passed through two distinct periods—the pre-colonial and the colonial. Its third phase, the contemporary era, is now in a transitional state. But let us first look briefly at European art. The day is gone when European painting was of national character and bore an individuality as rich as that of the Spanish works of two or three decades ago, and we can no longer vouch for the existence of a purely Spanish art or a purely Italian art—or of an art peculiar to any other European nation. The short time between the first World War and the present one did not permit firm establishment of new modes and patterns.

Is there a European art today? I do not know. But there is an American art. Consider that which comes from the brush of Diego Rivera, of Mexico. We

need only gaze at his *A Mexican Family* (shown on this page) or at his historic murals in the Government Palace in Mexico City to see the immensity of his talent. In the latter, wherein Rivera depicts Mexican life from remote pre-Aztec periods to the present, is that talent particularly manifest.

It is pleasant to record that a serious, intelligent group are being educated in and out of schools who really paint, and paint *modern*. Their work reveals an effort to get away from the influence of other continents and to paint America—North, Central, and South—just as she is, gaining inspiration from her folklore rich in color and topics, her high mountains, her seas and fierce rivers, her Indians, her *cholos*, her *gauchos*, and her *rotos*.

The Governments of the Americas, too, have realized—and through academies and scholarships have encouraged the idea—that art is a strong spiritual chain leading peoples to know each other, linking them, just as Rotary does, without thought of selfish interest.



CHIEF spirit of Mexico's renaissance in art is Diego Rivera (his *A Mexican Family* shown above).



THE Guatemalan Humberto Garavito depicts *Chichicastenango Types* in this painting (at left). His country, inheritor of the art of the Mayans, encourages its painters through an art academy.

TESTIFYING to Uruguayan skill in modern techniques is *Portuguese Washerwomen* (right) by Painter Ricardo Aguierre.

NOTE: An exhibit of contemporary Cuban art and European masters is to be a special attraction in Havana during Rotary's Convention. Domingo Ravenet will direct it.—Eds.

All photos or engravings (except as otherwise credited), courtesy of International Business Machines Corp. collection of art from 19 Condren and Think Magazine.





THIS pastoral, *Caballos*, is by Manuel de la Cruz Gonzales, of Costa Rica. Self-taught, he excels in many mediums, is a collector's favorite in several lands.



COLOMBIAN art evolves and thrives—inspired by such able teachers as Luis Alberto Acuña, painter and sculptor, whose *Picture of Rural Love* is shown above.

LIKE MANY Latin-American artists, Cecilio Guzmán de Rojas, of Bolivia, studied in Europe, but draws his motifs from his environment—witness his *Indian Couple*



REPRESENTATIVE of Argentinian painters, who are currently in a period of lavish production, is Cesáreo Bernaldo de Quirós, an artist well known on three continents. His *The Lassoer* appears above.

THE CHURCH of San Sebastian, "an ancient colonial jewel," is a watercolor by Nicolás Delgado, who writes the introduction to this gallery of Ibero-American art. He is an Ecuadorian painter, professor of art, owner of a brick factory, and an active Rotarian.



Courtesy of the author



FOR 300 years Ecuador led Hispano-American art, then fell into an uneventful period. But the 20th Century is seeing a healthy revival—in such virile and forthright work as *The Harvest*, by Camilo Egas.



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.

LIKE his compatriot Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, of Mexico, shuns the academic and paints boldly, as in his *Zapatistas*, a tribute to Zapata.

STRIP of the Venezuelan Coast (below), by Luis Alfredo López-Méndez, reveals the precision and temper characteristic of Venezuelan painting.



FROM the pallet and brush of Jaime Bestard, of Paraguay, comes this *Garden Corner*, a work which asserts "a sane and healthy modernism."

AMONG those writing the current important chapter in Panamanian art is Humberto Ivaldi, who paints life candidly, as in *El Garito* (below).





Courtesy, Bulletin of Pan American Union

PERUVIAN Felipe Cossio del Pomar, a versatile painter and writer of acknowledged success, finds his models for *Cuzco Indians* among descendants of the cultured Incas.



Courtesy, Revista Cívica

TROPICAL verdure and an Indian costume of Panchimalco are accessories to *La Ofrenda*, by José Mejía Vides, of El Salvador.



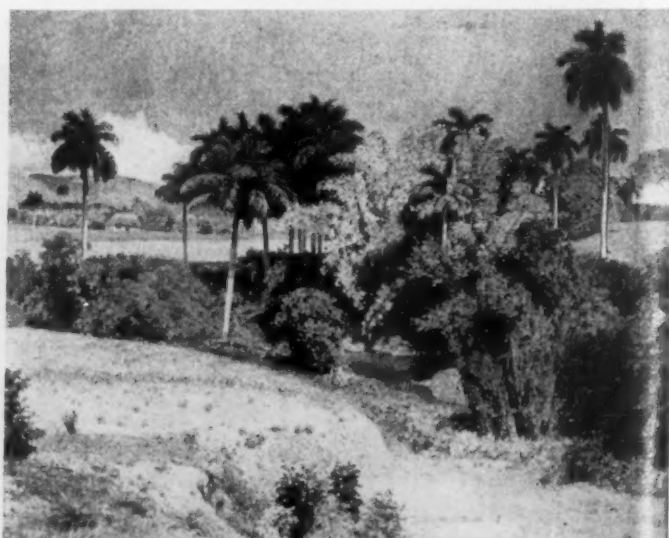
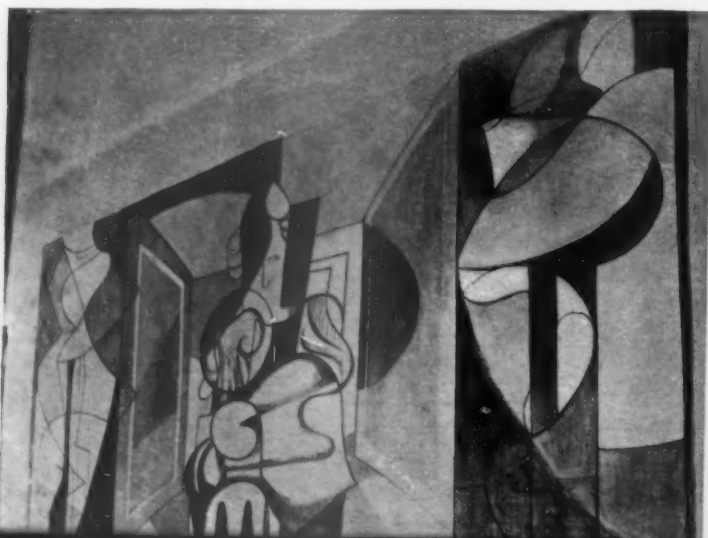
TO ENCOURAGE the Chilean's aptitude for painting his life, the Government of Chile maintains an academy of art offering technical instruction—with such results as *Village Street*, by Israel Roa.



PAINTERS of Honduras excel in landscape and genre. *Culegio* is by Carlos Zúñiga Figueroa.

CUBA, host nation to Rotary's international Convention next June, has offered her artists training and material sufficient to earn them distinction at home and abroad. This cubist mural is by the Cuban Amelia Peláez.

NOONLIGHT is the work of the Cuban painter Domingo Ramos. Convention-goers will discover a visual feast of art in such galleries as the National Museum and the Academy of Arts and Letters in Havana.



What Should I Tell 'Chuck'?

By Tom J. Davis

Chairman, Youth Committee, Rotary International

CHUCK JONES is 16—a high-school sophomore. Smart boy, his teachers say. He's eyeing his father's razor; talking about going to college. Chuck thinks he wants to be, say, a lawyer. I am a lawyer. Chuck comes to me.

"Should I be a lawyer?" he asks.

I think—or *did* think—I could give Chuck sound advice. I had taken it for granted that most any Rotarian of average "success" could advise youngsters on "what to do." But now I'm wondering.

Milton Hahn, University of Minnesota vocational-counseling expert, unsettled my mind. A friend sent me a frank comment from him on Rotary occupational counseling, and it carries rather startling accusations. He doesn't use the horrid word, but I strongly suspect that he thinks it's "the bunk."

"I feel," he lashes out, "that from a practical standpoint Rotarians and other service-club members do more harm than good. Young folks listen to speakers and become excited about occupations for which they have no ability. It takes weeks for the vocational-guidance director to get them back to earth—if he can—and makes twice as much work in a job that's tough enough already."

I sat up when I read that. And it added not one whit to my ease of mind as I went on to learn that Mr. Hahn's indictment is based on experience with Rotary Clubs offering occupational counsel to youth.

Yes, he concedes, our intentions are fine, but "because Rotarians are not psychologists and do things the most logical way, programs of the past have centered about three techniques: talking at unselected groups of students, talking with improperly selected

individual students, and the donation of funds for bookshelves, often with the organizations themselves making the selection of volumes contributed."

All three methods, he declares, are wrong. Why? Because they are based on an occupational committee, which works through the school administrator, who is a member of the service organization. He seldom knows anything about guidance, and the committee "botches the job."

But that isn't all. The bill of indictment grows:

"Yes, it's great publicity for the superintendent and the principal, but poor guidance for students. A further stumbling block comes when the school administrator doesn't dare tell his Rotary Committee members the truth. His job is in their hands, and heaven help the school executive who attempts to straighten out a community attempt to do good."

Whew! That's letting the chips fall where they will. But grab your chair, and here we go again.

Professional counsellors, Mr.

Here's a question which faces the Rotarian active in a Club occupational-counseling plan. Is this analysis the answer?

Hahn continues, know that "claimed interests" on the part of boys and girls, even after some college experience, can't be taken at face value. Many youngsters think they want to enter professions or fields for which they have no aptitudes. Some of these notions are outgrown. But any talks on a particular occupation directed at pupils on a claimed interest will hit 50 percent wrong targets.

"The town's business and professional men and women—the successful executives—are usually the town's best talkers. Here's another danger. The majority of speakers come from this group, but not one-fifth of the students they talk at or with will enter the same or similar professions. Four-fifths of the girls will become housewives; four-fifths of the boys will enter employment requiring only high-school subjects, and one-half of these will work at jobs where an eighth-grade education is sufficient."

Now listen to this:

"If Rotarians actually wanted more bull's-eyes, their best speakers would be mechanics, painters, salesmen, and filling-station operators, not doctors, dentists, and lawyers. I think it unfortunate Rotary doesn't include too many rep-



Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

representatives from the first group."

No professional man who has "arrived" after years of self-denial, grinding away at his job and getting certain "breaks," can possibly tell a student what really placed him where he is, asserts the vocational psychologist. The most sincere man in the world—with this typical background—is easily misunderstood by the bewildered high-school pupil facing graduation.

"The student," Mr. Hahn's statement adds, "doesn't want anything that sounds like bragging of 'how I did it' or worked-over platitudes. He wants a blueprint which applies specifically to him. Something that can be followed to a determined end; something based on what he likes, what he can do.

"This, obviously, no one can give him. Or so it seems. If only good prospects for law conferred with lawyers, helpful material could be given them. However, more than a claimed interest in law is necessary to be a good prospect."

Books? Has your Club given books on vocational subjects to schools? This will interest you!

"Too many books dealing with vocational outlets are purely inspirational. When a trained vocational personnel worker has difficulties in their selection, can the amateur—the average businessman—be expected to turn the trick? Results are little better than if nothing had been attempted."

Now you can understand my upset stomach, my tingling nerves. Should I tell Chuck to be a lawyer? . . .

Mr. Hahn puts his case well. And after my first shock at such handling, I find myself agreeing with him in part. Disagreeing, too.

First of all, let me point out that such criticism does not suggest that Rotary and other service organizations have no rôle in solving this important youth problem. Efficient and progressive as our schools are today, the majority of them need help. They are inadequately equipped to answer these student questions: What shall I be? For what occupation do my intelligence, abilities, and interests equip me? How shall I pre-

pare myself? How do I get a job? What are my chances of success or winding up in a blind alley?

This is where Rotary can help—and has helped. Responsibility for occupational guidance rests with the schools, but Rotary, I am sure Mr. Hahn will agree, can be helpful in a supplementary capacity.

Many Rotary Clubs with successful guidance programs could be paraded before Mr. Hahn and other constructive critics—Durant, Oklahoma; Stafford, Kansas; Owosso, Michigan; Prosser, Washington; and others. But let's take Owosso as a typical example.

Here Rotarians found youth stalemated at high-school graduation by a fear of the future. Many were resigned to being social burdens. Some were ripe for crime.

OWOSSEO Rotarians didn't go at things in a haphazard manner. Student questionnaires were answered, appointments were made and kept, preparations for conferences were worked out carefully, and boys placed in industry and business were "followed up" to make sure that they were getting along—that no round pegs rattled in square holes.

The lawyer not only conferred with the pupil beaming at the thoughts of a law career. He took the boy over to the court to chat with the judge, sat through a criminal case with him, and talked "cold turkey" about the profession. Cards were laid on the table, and the youngster learned how crowded the field is, how much cash he'd need for an education and a start. He realized the mental and physical stamina an attorney must have as he saw the profession stripped of all its motion-picture glamour.

The boy interested in becoming an undertaker visited the mortuary, saw a body embalmed, and learned the disagreeable as well as the agreeable things about the business. He knew when he left the funeral parlors whether or not he *really* wanted to be a mortician.

One lad, keenly interested in blueprinting, and handy with machine-shop tools, met the executive of an industrial plant through the counselling program. Today he's a foreman, working at some-

thing he likes, saving his money to go on to college and study engineering.

"I had no idea in what I was interested, what I wanted to be, what I could do," the case record of one boy discloses. "I didn't know until the Owosso Rotary Club gave me my chance. Now I've got a job, I'm earning money, and I'm going to college to learn to be an electrical or chemical engineer."

Mr. Hahn, I think, would approve the job done in Owosso. Maybe it is not typical, in a statistical sense, of the occupational counselling of Rotarians. I doubt if it is—yet, many another similar case could be cited. Rotary hasn't done so badly—yet can, I am certain, do much better.

I submit that we can if we heed Mr. Hahn and other capable men who have specialized on the occupational problems of young men and women. Hitch Rotary's man-



power to correct theory, and we should have a winning combination!

Studying conclusions of the experts as well as the work of Owosso and other Rotary Clubs that have done well, we in Rotary should be able to evolve a program of lasting benefit. As signposts along the way, I suggest the following—drawing heavily on Mr. Hahn's paper:

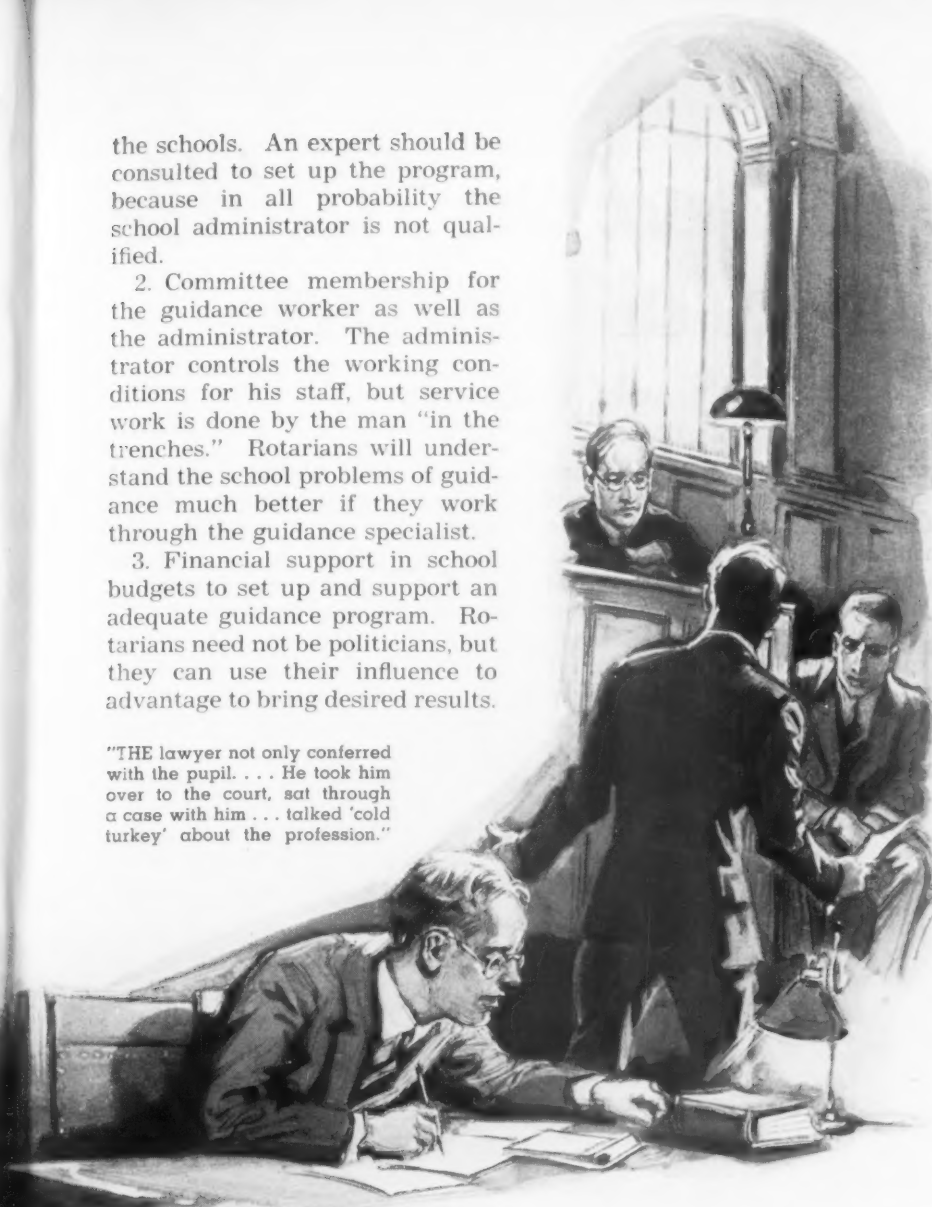
1. A school-community committee on youth problems. This committee should concern itself with all students in the community relative to guidance, with a start in

the schools. An expert should be consulted to set up the program, because in all probability the school administrator is not qualified.

2. Committee membership for the guidance worker as well as the administrator. The administrator controls the working conditions for his staff, but service work is done by the man "in the trenches." Rotarians will understand the school problems of guidance much better if they work through the guidance specialist.

3. Financial support in school budgets to set up and support an adequate guidance program. Rotarians need not be politicians, but they can use their influence to advantage to bring desired results.

"THE lawyer not only conferred with the pupil. . . . He took him over to the court, sat through a case with him . . . talked 'cold turkey' about the profession."



New services are added in schools only when public demand is felt. It is significant that the worse economic conditions become, the greater is the need for the best possible guidance services (and the less likely they are to be provided).

4. A speakers' bureau, including representatives of *all* walks of life. Rotarians think too often in terms of "white-collar" jobs. Speakers might better point out that a happy bricklayer, plumber, or painter—while earning less—is equally important to his community's welfare.

5. An individual conference system with students selected on the basis of scientific tests. Rotary Clubs can assist financially to get a trained counsellor for testing in schools without guidance facilities.

6. Counselling by volunteers who have been trained to cover

nature and amount of training for a profession, cash needed to start, advancement opportunities, remunerations, where jobs are, and the skills and physical and mental abilities necessary. Students should be cautioned that the ambitious clerk may become president of the company and marry the boss's daughter, but these occasions are rare indeed.

7. Not one but several conferences make for best results. A continued interest in students starting jobs may be the difference between success and failure.

8. Organization of placement bureaus for youth, and an alertness for opportunities to provide employment for boys and girls. Surveys of jobs available for youth.

9. Bringing youth problems into the open before other service clubs, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Girl

Scouts, Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubs and Future Farmer chapters, and other groups. Forums for unemployed youth; clinics for boys and girls who seek jobs.

10. Continuation schools, night schools, class studies for part-time workers. Coöperative schools in which theory is taught in class and experience is gained "on the job."

11. Promotion of youth training in skilled trades by stimulating the development of effective indentured apprenticeship. An explanation of the place of unions.

12. Displays of products from farm and factory in cities where agricultural and industrial work is coördinated with the classroom. Shows, expositions, competitive events.

13. Publication of handbooks on "Choosing Your Life Work" in coöperation with one of many vocational and occupational bureaus eager to help.

14. A fund to provide books and current literature selected by trained guidance workers. The guidance expert knows which materials are best, and can direct them to *individual students* for most effective results. Be sure THE ROTARIAN with its many helpful suggestions is included in the materials of the occupational bookshelf.

Now, maybe it's time to get back to our hypothetical Chuck. Advising him whether or not to take up law isn't so simple, after all.

It's not a hit-or-miss affair to be taken lightly. I can't possibly do Chuck any good by giving him off-hand suggestions and the story of my life embellished with whimsical incidents. More likely I'll jeopardize his future with this procedure.

But all of us can help Chuck—a lot of Chucks—if we go about it right. We can help his school to get a trained guidance director. We can put in its library an occupational bookshelf. We can give financial and moral support to "aptitude tests" which will help Chuck decide whether or not he is cut out for the bar.

Then, finally, we can invite our young friend Chuck down to the office, some evening—and talk and talk and talk.



Photo: Ralph E. Knowles

TREE-RING Expert Dr. A. E. Douglass in his laboratory.

WHEN an astronomer studies sunspots 92 million miles away by using sections of trees and old wooden beams—that's unusual. But when those same studies enable that scientist to tell the exact year when a sand-covered, wind-swept ruin in Arizona was lived in by a now long-vanished people—that seems incredible.

Yet that is what Dr. Andrew E. Douglass, for many years director of the Steward Observatory of the University of Arizona, and active Tucson Rotarian, has actually accomplished. To do it he invented a brand-new science, called by the formidable name of dendrochronology ("dendro" meaning "tree"; "chronology" meaning "time"), and how he did it—it took 30 years—is as fascinating as the final result.

First let us take a glance at the problem as it was before he solved it, and see why his discoveries are justly considered the most significant single contribution to the highly specialized field of American archaeology—the exacting study of prehistoric ruins, and apparently as unrelated to an astronomer's study of solar phenomena as anything possibly could be.

Dotting the canyons, plains, and mesa tops of the American South-

He Solved the Riddle of the Cliff Dwellers

By Harold E. Cooley

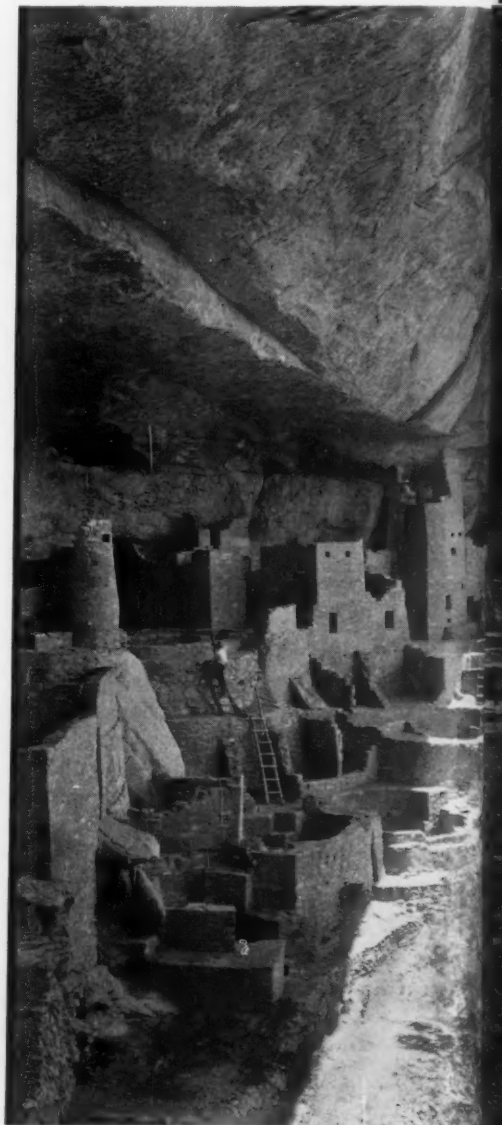
west (New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern parts of Utah and Colorado) are thousands of Indian ruins. Some are 1,500 years old, some are recent. They represent many cultures, many modes of wresting a living from the soil and sun of the Southwest, much vivid, exciting history. All fit together to tell the story of the present Pueblo Indians who mostly now live in New Mexico close to the Rio Grande.

Their story has been pieced together by the patient shovel researches of the archaeologists. Broken pieces of pottery, arrowheads, stone tools, fragments of baskets, the bones of animals hunted and feasted upon, the way they built their houses, the very skeletons of the long-vanished folk—all these have been carefully studied. From them scholars know quite exactly what the ancient people were like physically, what they ate, how they carried on trade between villages and sometimes over great distances, the kind of clothing they wore, certain aspects of their religious life, and whether they were peaceful or war loving.

These interesting things the archaeologists knew, but always there was one recurring question they could not answer—and it was the one question that people asked more than any other. *When* did the prehistoric Indians live in these ruins? How long? And why did they abandon them? What year were these houses and villages constructed?

Baffling questions these, which it seemed impossible ever to answer exactly. There were no neatly dated cornerstones; they had no writing or calendar system* to give a clue. A painstaking

study of pottery types had given a relative dating, told which ruins were earlier or later than certain other ruins, but there was no guessing what year it was that women's skilled fingers had fashioned the bowls and ollas. There seemed to be nothing by which the archaeologists could answer the question of *when*, for they little suspected that in the chunks of charcoal in long-cold fireplaces, and in the decayed beams and posts, was the very information they sought! It took an astronomer to make the charcoal talk and



*The Mayans of Old Mexico and Central America, Indians related to those of the Southwest, but further advanced in civilization and without contact with them, did have a calendar which enables archaeologists to date their temples and pyramids.

tell the year it was part of a flaming campfire surrounded by prehistoric warriors.

But that was *not* the problem that Dr. Douglass set out to solve when he began his greatest study in 1901.

A New Englander by birth, he had taught astronomy for five years at Harvard, was the first person to determine the height of certain mountain peaks in the rugged Andes. Also, he had helped locate and establish the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, before he undertook his famous researches.

His problem was sunspots, those unbelievably immense ex-

cycles coincided. He set himself the task of finding out.

To do this he needed weather records covering many centuries. Since man-kept records extended back relatively few years, they would not suffice. So Dr. Douglass struck upon the idea of using trees, living and dead, to give him the necessary data for his prehistoric almanac.

In the semidesert Southwest, moisture is of supreme importance. Plants and trees are adapted to the aridity, but any deviation from the normal water supply is felt by the organism. In years of abundant rainfall, trees grow rapidly; in drought years, their

entist studied some 70 trees from near Prescott, and was amazed to find their tree-ring patterns identical with those from Flagstaff—trees which had grown nearly 100 miles apart. A vital step had been taken, for the principle of cross dating was shown to be possible. These same specimens also led to the discovery of “missing rings.” Sometimes, for reasons not clear, a tree would fail to produce any ring during a given year, or would grow it only on one side of its circumference.

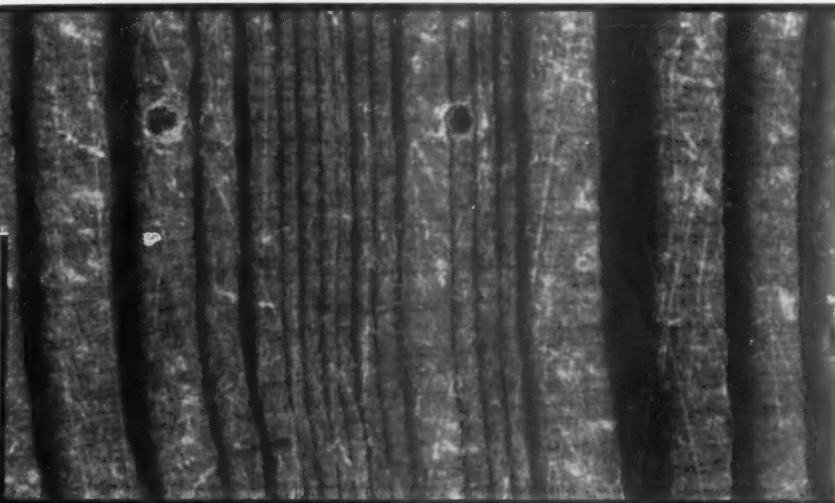
In 1909 and 1911 the astronomer published the first reports on his work. The study was still in the realm of abstract science, the relating of climate to the sunspots.

Meanwhile, archaeologists continued to excavate Southwestern ruins. They were developing better methods, assembling more facts. And they still guessed and argued about the age of the ruins they dug, kicking aside the charcoal and often using the ancient beams and wood fragments for campfires, the very things which would answer their queries. They didn't know that an astronomer interested in the sun—and examining logs and stumps with a microscope—would soon understand how to read dates from the ancient pieces.

Desiring older specimens than living trees, Dr. Douglass wrote in 1914 to Dr. Clark Wissler, curator of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, asking if that institution had any beams from ancient ruins that might be studied. The object of the request was to extend the prehistoric almanac, but it made contact between the abstract sunspot study and the science of archaeology. It led to fascinating findings.

IT SO happened that the first beams sent from the Museum had been taken from the notable Aztec Ruin of northwestern New Mexico. Soon after, Dr. Wissler sent beams from the great ruin of Pueblo Bonito, also in New Mexico.

Of all the thousands of ruins in the Southwest, Pueblo Bonito is the most spectacular. It stands beside a now dry arroyo (gully), an immense “apartment house” village [Continued on page 55]



Photos: (left) Denver & Rio Grande Western R.R. Co.; (above) Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

TIME SECRETS of ancient dwellings like Cliff Palace (left) in Colorado's Mesa Verde Park are revealed to scientists by tree-ring patterns, like these above, of building timbers. The thinner rings between the dots describe the drought from 1818 to 1827.

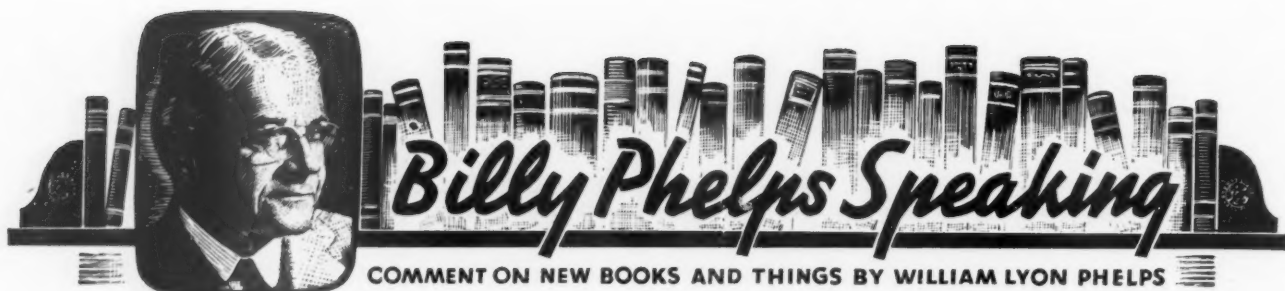
plosions on the sun's surface which send out tongues of flaming gas tens of thousands of miles into space, and which somehow affect the climate of the earth. Considerable was known about the spots even then. It was apparent that they occurred in cycles, periods of severe disturbances being followed by periods of relative quiet, after which the spots would recur again in great numbers. Thus it had been through the centuries.

It also seemed that the earth's climate occurred in cycles, that there were regular periods of abundant rainfall followed by years of drought. But when Dr. Douglass began his study, it was not known how or if the sunspot

growth is retarded. This means that in its annual rings, the tree keeps a diary of the conditions it encounters throughout its life. A wide ring means a wet year, a narrow ring means drought.

Thus tree rings leave a definite pattern in the wood. They are, in effect, its fingerprints, but unlike human fingerprints they are useful because of their similarity of pattern rather than their individuality. Trees growing under the same weather conditions will have exactly the same pattern. Recognition of this fact was the first step toward using the rings as an almanac—and as a calendar.

It was discovered when Dr. Douglass studied the cross sections of logs from near Flagstaff. He noted that they all had the same pattern. A bit later the sci-



On 'Books That Have Changed My Mind'

MANY persons have mentioned the names of books that have "changed their minds," but there are those, J. M. Barrie, for example, who believe that individuals never change. Browning said, "Souls alter not, and mine must still advance." It is always interesting, at reunions of one's classmates at college, to observe that those whom one first knew in the heyday of youth and are now gray or bald, are essentially the same persons; the characteristics are the same.

Perhaps we should use the word "development" rather than "change"; Browning said human beings have one characteristic that makes them different from animals and from God: they develop.

Yet surely there are occasional

persons who in all outward manifestations actually undergo a revolutionary change. Look at Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*. The fortunate thing is that even in that horrible close-fisted man there was the potentiality; the change was caused by a dream.

I am not sure myself that any book actually changed my mind, but my outlook on life was widened and my mind was illuminated and developed by certain books. When I was a boy in high school, I read John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty*. It has affected my whole life. I believe absolutely in individual liberty of thought and speech; and I owe my first firm conviction on this important subject largely to the awakening by Mill.

A great philosopher said that a book by another philosopher "woke him from his dogmatic slumber." The word "woke" is impressive, for there are many persons whose minds seem asleep, and one book will sometimes awaken them.

Again, when I was in high school and 17 years old, I read the new *Life of Carlyle*, by James Anthony Froude. This had an immense and prolonged influence on my development. In the first place, it led me to read some of Carlyle's books; and *Sartor Resartus*, *Past and Present*, and, above all, *Heroes and Hero Worship* stimulated me tremendously, and probably changed the course of my life from the study and practice of law to the study and practice of literature. For I got a

great deal more out of Carlyle than Carlyle himself; I got Goethe, whose novel, *Wilhelm Meister*, had been translated by Carlyle.

I think I received more religious stimulation from Henry Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World* and his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* than from



CARLYLE, to whose works Dr. Phelps ascribes his shift in interest from the study of law to the study of literature.



HENRY DRUMMOND, Scottish lecturer and writer, a fount of "religious stimulation."

any other two books, because they gave a new direction to my interpretation of the Gospels.

It is natural, having been an omnivorous reader all my life, that the chief influence on my thought has come from books. It certainly has. I will repeat one of my own frequent assertions: one can learn more about human nature from reading the *Bible* than from living in the City of New York.

It seems certain that the most important American book published in 1939 was *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years*, by Carl

Sandburg. His earlier work, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*, seemed to me, when I read it, the best early life of Lincoln I had read, and it seems so now. The word "monumental" applies to the completed task, for this new biography has four large volumes. Do not be discouraged by its size; I do not think you could open any one of the volumes at random and not find something immediately interesting. We are told in the introduction that Lincoln, who did not regard himself as a man of letters, ranks in quantity of published words as follows: the *Bible*, including the Apocrypha, 926,877; Shakespeare, complete works, 1,025,000; Lincoln's printed speeches and writings, 1,078,365. (The authority for this is Louis A. Warren.)

The interesting thing is that, outside of his professional legal studies, the only two books of the highest rank which Lincoln knew thoroughly were the *Bible* and *Shakespeare*. How astounded he would have been had he known that eventually his published words would exceed in number both of those masterpieces. For those are the two most important works ever published in any language in history; and they came at the same period — *The Authorized Version of the English Bible*, 1611, and the *First Folio of Shakespeare*, 1623. And Lincoln died at age 56!

Abraham Lincoln is one of the most interesting personalities in the world. Did you ever hear a story or an anecdote or an incident about him that was not interesting? The Pulitzer Prize play of 1939, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, owes a great deal of its success to its subject. Years ago, when John Drinkwater, an Englishman who had struggled with bitter poverty all his life, produced his play *Abraham Lincoln*, it ran three years in London, gave him financial security, and was so affecting to purely British audiences that they invariably wept copiously during the performance. The most thrilling moment I have ever experienced in the motion pic-

tures was that moment in *Ruggles of Red Gap* when the immortal words of the Gettysburg speech purified the air of a filthy saloon.

Thus I recommend to Rotarians and others that they *buy* this biography by Mr. Sandburg. It will give instruction, inspiration, and delight to all the household and to their posterity.

* * *

And now that we are considering the Civil War, let me recommend an exciting and yet judicial history book, just published, which has taught me an immense number of facts I had not known. This is *Statesmen of the Lost Cause*, by the scholarly and lucid historian and biographer Burton J. Hendrick. The secondary title is *Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet*.

I had never thought of what is a striking comparison and contrast: When we consider the Civil War and the leaders of the South, we think of military men, Lee and Jackson and others; they stand like giants on the skyline of history. But when we think of the

leaders of the North, one figure—not a soldier, but a statesman—is supreme, Abraham Lincoln. Now this book accentuates that disparity; had the South possessed statesmen equal to their captains, they might have won. And even if they had elected Robert Toombs President instead of Jefferson Davis, they would have had a better chance to win.

This book gives the biographies of all the leading Southern politicians and the history of their Constitutional Convention, as far as it is possible to do so, for what records they had were largely destroyed and their meetings were behind closed doors. Dr. Hendrick also brings out the fact that the genuine old aristocratic South was not allowed to dominate, but rather the *nouveau riche* of the Southwest, the cotton magnates. It is interesting to me to be writing this article in Georgia, for, according to Dr. Hendrick, the brains of the Convention came from this State. Listen to him:



FROM Mill's essay *On Liberty* stemmed "Bil-ly's" belief in liberty of thought and speech.



Photo: De Mirjian

PORTRAYER of Lincoln—Raymond Massey. Carl Sandburg writes of the martyred President in *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years*.

"This review of the Convention and its Constitution reveals again the overwhelming dominance wielded by the most populous and enlightened of the seven States that organized the Confederacy. One of Georgia's ablest sons, Toombs, would have been President except for an absurd misunderstanding. The Georgia delegation towered over all the other States in the eminence of its representatives. No other unit could display a group so statesmanlike and so gifted for leadership as Stephens, Toombs, Benjamin Hill, and the Cobb brothers. These men furnished the ideas for the Constitution and exercised the



GEORGIA'S able Robert Toombs, political leader whose influence B. J. Hendrick reviews in *The Statesmen of the Lost Cause*.



Photo: Steichen

OTIS SKINNER, here attired as Sancho Panza, pens a book, titles it *The Last Tragedian*, presents Actor Edwin Booth as "full of fun and charm and rollicking nonsense."

chief influence in framing it. . . ."

He adds that Toombs was the only man in the Convention who understood Lincoln. The others did not realize that Lincoln was waiting for the South to strike the first blow, for he knew that was the only alarm clock that could arouse a united North. Toombs begged the Convention not to allow a shot to be fired at Fort Sumter. He shouted, "It is suicide, it is murder, it will lose us every friend at the North."

I do not know when I have read a book that is such exciting reading and at the same time so full of information quite new to me.

* * *

Turning from these important works of history—which no American can read too often—I now recommend a wildly exciting romantic novel, filled with diversion, just the thing to read while you are convalescing from something or other, or while travelling on a slow train. It is by the redoubtable Englishman Dornford Yates (assumed name) and is called *Gale Warning*. Here we have two damnable black-hearted villains who love to torture and murder very nice people; we have three heroes who are as fearless as they are efficient; we have a girl so beautiful that she is—well, fill in *ad lib*. Terrific adventures!

Great fun! I admire Dornford Yates, for his yarns are the best since *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

* * *

The famous and well-beloved American actor Otis Skinner, who has produced masterpieces of the past and one lovely masterpiece of the present, Cornelia Otis Skinner, has written a book, *The Last Tragedian*, that will delight lovers of the stage. But it will do more than that. It reveals an Edwin Booth I never knew existed, although I saw him often on the stage and conversed with him off it. We think of the great Edwin Booth as melancholy and mysterious, born for the rôle of Hamlet. But Mr. Skinner has given us in a collection of letters, a Booth full of fun and charm and rollicking nonsense; above all, with a genius for friendship. In the annals of the American theater, this is an important book, for it is a revelation. It has a particular interest for me, because I saw Booth and Otis Skinner in the same play. About 50 years ago I saw in Hartford, Connecticut, a performance of *Macbeth*—the title rôle taken by Edwin Booth, that of Lady Macbeth by Madame Modjeska, and Macduff played by the young actor Otis Skinner. He stole the show.

* * *

The Gospel tells us to love our enemies, but it does not tell our enemies to love us. But if and when the enemies of H. L. Mencken read his autobiography, of which the title is *Happy Days*, they are going to love him, for the simple reason that they cannot help it. This book is disarming. It contains the history of his childhood and early youth, no more. But the resemblance of his boyhood experiences to mine and probably to that of thousands of other Americans is astonishing. The one great difference is in home religious training, which I had day and night, and he had not; but if there is anything that bores him, it is when people who have abandoned religious faith boast to him about it.

This is the book of an absolutely honest man, a faithful and loyal friend, a first-class journalist, a man of letters, and a scholar in language. But, above all, it is the

book of a lovable and cheerful personality, who, even when he attacks and ridicules persons and ideas that seem to him absurd, does so with a hearty vehemence devoid of venom. Mr. Mencken is an American who would rather live in America than anywhere else in the world and does not hesitate to say so. His book is filled with the humor of *surprise*, as Mark Twain's was; his classifications of persons often have a snap at the end, like the old game of crack-the-whip. He is, of course, irreverent, but not to anything *he* believes, only to some of the things that *I* believe, and why should I object to that?

Others may ask, as I have: "Will Mr. Mencken give us further volumes, taking up where he left off?" I am hoping that he will, but at the same time I am remembering that in the preface to his *Happy Days* he says: "It may be that I'll resume the story later on, but that is not certain, for on the whole I am more interested in what is going on now than in what befell me (or anyone else) in the past."

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Abraham Lincoln, The War Years. Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. \$20.—*Statesmen of the Lost Cause.* Burton J. Hendrick. Little, Brown. \$3.75.—*Gale Warning.* Dornford Yates. Putnam's. \$2.—*The Last Tragedian.* Otis Skinner. Dodd, Mead. \$3.—*Happy Days.* H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

Photo: Ben Pinchot



H. L. MENCKEN, "honest man, faithful and loyal friend, first-class journalist, man of letters, scholar in language," reviews his boyhood and describes it in *Happy Days*.

Rotarians in the NEWS



ATTACHED to a French economic mission in England is Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, who was President of Rotary International during the Rotary year 1937-38.



RETIRED Major General Smedley Butler, honorary member of the Ardmore, Pa., Rotary Club, is a tireless peace advocate. His views make the headlines.



PROMINENT in recent news dispatches from Finland has been Honorary Rotarian C. G. Mannerheim (above), Field Marshal of the Army. A member of the Helsinki-Helsingfors Club, he is acclaimed as a soldier, scholar, statesman, social reformer, and an essayist.



THE SWISS nation's new Chief Executive is Marcel Pilet-Golaz, who was a Federal Council member and President once before, in 1934. Like all able-bodied Swiss men, he serves his country's Army, too. President Pilet-Golaz is a lieutenant colonel of an infantry regiment. A lawyer and statesman, he has long been active in both governmental and educational affairs.



BELGIUM'S Paul van Zeeland, an honorary member of the Soignies Rotary Club, is on a Government mission in Venezuela. He has served his nation as Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Above he is shown when, as Prime Minister, he participated in dedication ceremonies at an American War Memorial in Ypres.

CHAIRMAN of the Red Cross in Canada for ten years is Norman Sommerville (below), of Toronto, Ont. His recent appeal for funds has brought 5 million dollars, and contributions continue to pour in. Rotarian Sommerville is Chairman of Rotary International's Constitution and By-Laws Committee.





TO CHICAGO'S Secretariat came Rotary's Board for a bustling week in January....

AND HERE are Second Vice-President Ramirez Brown, of Nicaragua; Secretary Perry; President Walter D. Head.

AND THIRD Vice-President Phillips, educator, printing executive, Roy Weaver, Publisher.

Your Board Reports—

The January meeting of Rotary International's Board as caught by the camera and the pencil of The-Man-with-the-Scratchpad.

WAR laid a deep impress on the January meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International. It was manifest in a multitude of questions discussed. It was responsible for the absence of five overseas members.

Unable to attend were First Vice-President T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, England; Richard R. Currie, of Johannesburg, South Africa; Emile Deckers, of Antwerp, Belgium; W. Allan Eley, of Singapore, Straits Settlements; and Jerzy Loth, of Warsaw, Poland.

Immediate Past President George C. Hager, now living in New York City, also was prevented from attending.

But present were President Walter D. Head, of Montclair, N. J.; Second Vice-President G. Ramirez Brown, of Managua, Nicaragua; and Third Vice-President Frank Phillips, of Ithaca, N. Y.

Also Charles N. Cadwallader, of Lincoln, Nebr.; J. Edd McLaughlin, of Ralls, Tex.; George O. Spencer, of Moncton, N. B., Canada; Roy J. Weaver, of Pueblo, Colo.; and Elbridge W. Palmer, of Kingsport, Tenn., Directors; and Secretary Chesley R. Perry, of Chicago.

"Sitting in" from time to time for absent members were several Past Directors, including Angus S. Mitchell, of Melbourne, Australia, who remained in Chicago after the meeting of the Presidential Nominating Committee; Richard C. Hedke, of Detroit, Mich.; Frank C. Barnes, of Manistee, Mich.; Richard H. Wells, of Pocatello, Idaho; Past President Glenn C. Mead, of Philadelphia,

Pa.; Treasurer Rufus F. Chapin, of Chicago; and Founder and President Emeritus Paul P. Harris.

A heavy agenda (literally) confronted the Board. The tabbed volume of mimeographed exhibits weighed four pounds and three ounces, and every page was an essential. It supplied background and explanatory data on approximately 100 items, ranging from youth hostels to insurance, and from budgets to bonds.

Sessions started on Sunday, January 14, and ran from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. for the following six days. One night session was given over entirely to discussion of Rotary amid world conflict. It led to a formulation of Rotary's policy, as set forth in the following statement:



MEMBERS brought worn and belabored brief cases, jammed with papers; were greeted by scores of memoranda and other paraphernalia.



Phillips, education; W. Palmer, automobile dealer.

SITTERS-IN: Howard Feighner, Winthrop Howard, Reeve Vanneman, Frank Barnes, Richard Hedke, Angus Mitchell.

AND MEMBERS George O. Spencer, of Canada; J. Edd McLaughlin, of Falls, Texas; and Charles Cadwallader, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

"ROTARY AMID WORLD CONFLICT"

"For more than a score of years Rotary has encouraged and fostered the advancement of international understanding and goodwill among men as a basis for peace among nations. Yet during that period scarcely a year has passed without armed conflict in some part of the world. Today, warfare is being waged in many parts of the world, and of the large number of countries and geographical regions in which there are Rotary Clubs, more than a third are engaged in armed hostilities.

"Because of these conditions the Board of Directors of Rotary International finds itself in the position of administering an organization embracing some Clubs located in countries which are at war so far as some of the conflicts are concerned, yet neutral with regard to other conflicts, and embracing other Clubs in countries which maintain varying degrees of neutrality with regard to all the conflicts.

"It is outside the competence of the Board of Rotary International to instruct Rotarians as to their duties as citizens of their respective countries. The Board, however, points out that Rotary International, through Convention action, has stated that it expects its members, while cooperating toward a cordial international understanding, to be thoroughly loyal to their religious and moral ideals and to the higher interests of their particular country.

"In these catastrophic times, the Board feels that it should reemphasize to Rotar-

ians throughout the world that Rotary is based on the ideal of service, and where freedom, justice, truth, sanctity of the pledged word, and respect for human rights do not exist, Rotary cannot live nor its ideal prevail. These principles, which are indispensable to Rotary, are vital to the maintenance of international peace and order and to human progress.

"The Board, therefore, condemns all attacks upon these principles and calls upon each Rotarian to exert his influence and exercise his strength to protect them and to help hasten the day when war need no longer be used as an instrument for settling international disputes.

"To Rotarians and their families and to all others who are subject to the perils of war or who have suffered loss or bereavement, the Board extends its deepest sympathy and expresses its sincere hope that the present period of trial and suffering may be brought to a speedy end."

Another item of importance—the 1940 Convention—demanded special thought and action. The decision, as noted in President Head's editorial on page 7 of this issue, is to postpone the Convention in Rio de Janeiro until 1942, and to go to Havana, Cuba, next June. The tentative 1941 Convention city is Denver, Colorado.

Pictures on these pages and the one following attempt to depict the Board in action. Composed of 14 members, the

Board is the governing administrative body of Rotary International. The annual Convention, with its Council on Legislation, often described in these pages, is the parliamentary body.

The Board's condensed terms of reference are: "The Board of Directors of Rotary International as the governing administrative body of Rotary International has the control and management of the affairs and funds of Rotary International in conformity with the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International.

"The administration of member Clubs is under the general supervision of the Board and it exercises general control and supervision over all officers and Committees of Rotary International. The Board is charged with the duty of doing whatever may be necessary for the furtherance of the purposes of Rotary International, the study and teaching of its fundamentals, the preservation of its ideals, its ethics, its unique features of organization, and its extension throughout the world. The action of the Board is final, subject only to appeal to the Convention of Rotary Inter-

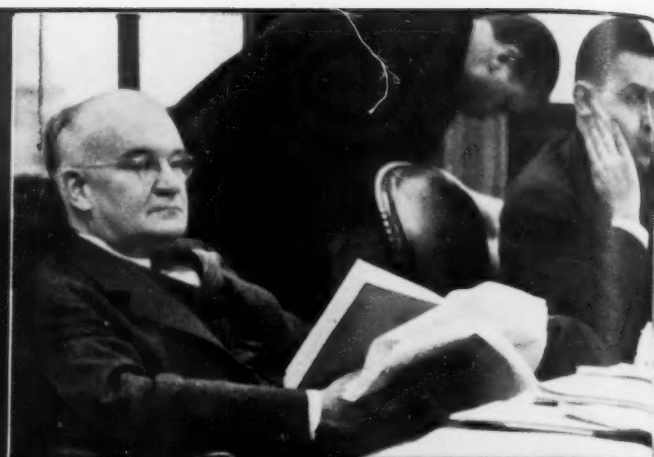


Photos: H. W. Framberg

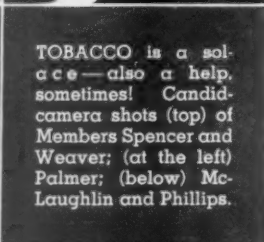
pernalia dot-work-around-a-table; near-by sat a stenotypist, flanked by a battery of information files, ready for consultation to settle instantly any moot issues.



VICE-PRESIDENT Ramirez Brown usually spoke in his native Spanish, the young lady seated at his side doing the necessary translating.



A CHARACTERISTIC pose of President Walter Head, who, though an orator, has also mastered the gentle art of being a good listener.



TOBACCO is a solace—also a help, sometimes! Candid-camera shots (top) of Members Spencer and Weaver; (at the left) Palmer; (below) McLaughlin and Phillips.



national." Thus the Board is commissioned.

Committees which report directly to the Board submitted statements at the January meeting. Among those appearing were Chairman Wells, of the Aims and Objects Committee; Clinton F. Karstaedt, Beloit, Wis., Chairman of the Magazine Committee; Stanley C. Forbes, Brantford, Ont., Canada, a member of the Magazine Committee; Lewis A. Hird, New York City, Chairman of the Finance Committee; C. Reeve Vanneman, Albany, N. Y., Chairman of the North American Transportation Committee for the 1940 Convention; Winthrop R. Howard, New York, a member of the latter Committee.

No one, so far as is known, has ever taken the time and trouble to compute the value of the time given by the members of the Rotary International Board. Not only are there three "usual" meetings—June, July, and January—but constant are the demands on the time of members for correspondence, conferences, and Committee sessions. Your Board is doing a big job. And doing it well from every indication!



RICHARD WELLS, Chairman of Rotary's important Aims and Objects Committee.



"TEA at 4" perpetuates a nice custom begun years back by British members.



ANGUS MITCHELL, of Melbourne, Australia, an interested observer, was invited to join in the discussions.



TO FACILITATE business, the Board was divided into Committees. Each was given many topics to explore, after which the findings were brought to the Board for group action.

PEEPS at things to come

Scientific discoveries and their applications of special interest to the business and professional man. Address inquiries to: D. H. Killeffer, Peeper Department, ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Lifesaving Perfume. Femininity's use of perfume, often decried by males, proved the salvation of 11 hikers lost on the snow-covered slopes along the Hudson River recently. Because one of the girls carried a peculiarly delicate scent, bloodhounds were able to lead searchers through the darkness directly to the near-frozen hikers.

Steel Makers Rejoice. In making steel in open-hearth furnaces, treatment must be stopped at the precise instant the steel reaches the chemical composition desired. Heretofore this point has been determined by a chemical analysis requiring about 15 minutes. But changes, particularly in the crucial carbon content of the metal, continue to occur during the time required for the analysis. Now a method, based upon the magnetic properties of the steel, has been devised. It is a matter of seconds—so fast that the time required to cool a small sample of molten steel is the limiting factor. This application of what once were purely "theoretic" data on the magnetic properties of steel is of great importance to steel makers.

Dyeing Glass. With the development of beautiful fabrics of glass fibers has come a demand that they be colored. Ordinary dyes will not do and the usual methods of coloring glass impart only weak shades to the tiny filaments. A recently issued patent suggested a way around the difficulty: by forming an infinitesimally thin layer of oxide of iron or aluminum on the fiber by chemical treatment and then dyeing the layer the desired colors.

Vitamins from Slop. Waste slop of distilleries is being made to yield a new high-vitamin-content feed for animals and poultry. It can also be used to boost the vitamin content in ordinary feeds with which it is mixed.

Hydrogen-Smelted Iron. Hydrogen can be made so cheaply from natural gas that it is to be used instead of coke to smelt iron ore in Texas, where gas is cheap and plentiful. The method has been employed in the past to make small amounts of high-purity iron for scientific purposes only. However, being free from carbon, the product is expected to find large-scale uses in special electrical, thermal, and chemical applications where the advantages of its exceptional purity offset its higher cost.

Manganese . . . Tungsten. Huge American deposits of manganese ore too poor to work by ordinary methods are made practically available by a newly perfected technique already in success-

ful operation in Cuba. If need arise, it can be used equally well in the United States to avoid the effect of any possible ocean blockade. Tungsten ores in Mexico, less than 100 miles from the Texas frontier, are being developed by other improved concentrating and smelting methods. Manganese is a widely used refining agent in the steel industry and is essential in tough steel alloys. Tungsten is a constituent of hard alloys of steel and other metals from which modern tools are made.

Better Peanut Butter. A small amount of glycerine (about 2 percent) added to peanut butter during or after grinding holds the oil in place. Ordinary peanut butter is usually covered with a layer of oil after standing in the jar, but this separation is avoided by the admixture of an amount of glycerine too small to be tasted, according to a recently issued patent.

Synthetic Surgical Sponges. Sponges made from viscose, more familiar as the parent of rayon, are favored by surgeons over Nature's product since they

why some molasses takes fire spontaneously, even explodes, when stored in huge tanks at sugar refineries in hot climates. If the molasses is alkaline with mineral matter, it is much more likely to cause trouble than if it is neutral or ever so slightly acid, which is also true of burning a sugar lump.

More Self-Sufficiency. Although the present war in Europe has cut off supplies of many chemicals customarily imported by the United States, such has been the development of the American chemical industry that nearly 200 different items procured by one company from Germany in the Summer of 1939 were being made in the United States before the end of the year.

New Fire Extinguisher. Gas under pressure is used in a new fire extinguisher to blow an easily decomposed, powdered solid at the flame. Water damage is completely avoided, and since the powder used is a bicarbonate specially treated to flow freely, there is no hazard from toxic vapors. Gas pressure, furnished by liquid carbon dioxide or compressed nitrogen, is sufficient to blow the powder through a permanently installed piping system or through a hose and nozzle as required. Since no water is used, danger of freezing is completely avoided even in the coldest weather.

Tin Can Has Rival. A transparent synthetic plastic sheet chemically made from rubber and already familiar as the material of lightweight raincoats is the latest competitor of tin cans for foods. Bags made of Pliofilm are filled with raw fruit (since the first development is in California), sealed, and then cooked just as cans of food are. The transparent packages are marketed in paper boxes provided with windows through which the contents can be seen by the purchaser. Although the development is still in the early stages, the products so packed include fish, meat, and vegetables, as well as fruit. A saving of nearly 50 percent in the cost of containers is claimed. Essential to the success of the method is the high resistance of the plastic material to heat, acids, sunlight, and other

destructive agencies; in addition is the material's complete freedom from odor or taste.

Restored Documents. Precious documents in the National Archives in Washington, D. C., are ironed smooth and their legibility restored by passing them through an electric ironing machine. The machine is similar to those used in many households.



Photos: Gustavus J. Esselen, Inc.

NOW YOU don't see it—but now you do when the same piece of charred paper is photographed (lower picture) with infrared film. The written and printed words can be plainly discerned.

can be repeatedly sterilized. They are reported to be particularly valuable in operations on the eye because they do not leave lint, as cotton sometimes does.

Taming Molasses. Did you ever try to burn a lump of sugar with a match? Clean sugar will not burn, but with a tiny speck of tobacco ash on its corner, the lump will burn merrily. Trivial as this trick seems, it apparently explains

1940 Convention
Havana,
Cuba
June 10-14

Rotary Reporter

A little news magazine of and for Rotary International

4,982 Rotary Clubs
(85 since July 1)
212,259
Rotarians

They Know Their Potatoes!

Whether mashed, French fried, baked, or boiled, "spuds" are pretty commonplace. But the Rotary Club of SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., knows how to give them glamour.

For a simple note of \$3, Rotarians supplied each of 25 4-H Club boys with a bushel of seed potatoes, 60 pounds of fertilizer, and the suggestion "Go to it!" The project was climaxed at a Rotary rural-urban meeting when the boys paid their debts, heard a talk on agriculture, received prizes, and came in for much deserved praise. The boys made some money, got some business training, and learned a bit of Rotary philosophy in the bargain.

Photo: Asbury Park Evening Press



AUTOGRAPHS and gifts are distributed by Babe Ruth, "baseball immortal," to young guests of Rotarians in Asbury Park, N. J.

New Rotarians Go A-Visiting

The baby Rotary Club (less than a year old) of HICKSVILLE, OHIO, likes to go a-visiting. Members find that neighborliness pays dividends in fellowship and tested ideas for home-Club use. A recent series of contest pilgrimages to other Clubs has resulted in renewed interest and better weekly attendance.

Miners? No, Just Visiting Rotarians

A luncheon meeting 580 feet underground in a mine of the Alpha Portland Cement Company was a recent experience for IRONTON, OHIO, Rotarians—guests of Club President William A. Brooks, sales manager of the local plant. They received a lesson in mining, heard Joseph W. Fichter, Governor of District 159, discuss peace.

History—Avalon and Blenheim

Take the glorious bay of AVALON at Santa Catalina Island. Add twoscore women in the colorful and picturesque costumes out of California's golden past. Then stir in a stagecoach or two, an address on California's romantic history, and the awarding of prizes for the outstanding

costumes. The result gives you an idea of ladies' day as presented by the Rotary Club of AVALON, CALIF.

Now travel across many miles of blue Pacific to BLENHEIM, NEW ZEALAND. Here Rotarians entertained wives and sweethearts at a "high tea." Eighty Club members and guests heard an inspirational address on "This England," and enjoyed a fellowship-inducing program of songs and recitations presented by the ladies.

Here's the Hand of Fellowship!

Salutations to these 14 Rotary Clubs recently admitted to Rotary International's fellowship: Mid-delburg, The Netherlands; Pehuajó, Argentina; Sorocaba, Brazil; Winona, Miss.; Hackettstown, N. J.; Montreal-Westward, Que., Canada; Perryton, Tex.; Concepción, Paraguay; Limestone, Me.; Shepherd, Mich.; Campo Grande, Brazil; Woodruff, S. C.; Volos, Greece; and Chester Pike, Pa.

Boy Heroes Get Rotary Medals

Two boy heroes who dived beneath a sheet of ice to rescue a 5-year-old youngster were honored at a recent meeting of the DEDHAM, MASS., Rotary Club. Fêted at dinner, they heard deserved praise, received medals for valor.

Provide Lunches for Children

Maintenance of a hot-lunch counter for indigent children is a project in which the Rotary Club of GOLIAD, TEX., is interested. The Club contributes \$10 monthly to the fund which supports the counter.

They Put Charity Programs 'on Ice'

The annual ice carnival of the VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA, Rotary Club excites unusual interest over a wide area. But it's more than just another ice carnival for a good time. During the last 16 years the Club's carnivals have netted approximately \$150,000 for charity work and community-betterment projects. This year's festival cleared between \$9,000 and \$10,000.

This, Like Many, Is an Active Club

"Busy" describes a condition, but it hardly covers the program of the STRATFORD, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club. Recent activities include a one-night frolic which netted \$6,200 for Club projects; additional expenditures for Boys Work bringing a ten-year total to \$27,000, more Crippled-Children Work for an aggregate of \$22,000, a winter-sports program providing fun for 1,436 boys, and so on. Secretary Robert A. Reid typifies Club spirit. After a recent accident he at-

tended a meeting on a stretcher. District Governor Henry A. Nordheim says, "What a Club!"

They'll Tune in on Understanding

About the time these pages come from the press, 4 million listeners will have their radios tuned to "America's Town Meeting of the Air" when sponsored by the CHICAGO Rotary Club (February 22). Presented as a Rotary Observance Week feature, the meeting took employer-employee relationships as its theme. The complete story of the broadcast, in word and pictures, will be told in your April ROTARIAN.

Rotarians Aid Cemetery Project

You've heard of Rotary Club projects to beautify parks, school grounds, streets, and highways. Now add a cemetery. Rotarians of RALLS, TEX., made a necessary survey, adopted a proposed plan, called appropriate meetings of cemetery-lot holders, and handed the matter over to them "tied in a blue ribbon."

Art and Science Aid Cripples

Crippled-children activities of the Rotary Clubs in CHICAGO and near-by communities have benefited to the extent of more than \$300 from a philanthropic idea worked out by CHICAGO Rotarian Sarkis H. Nahigian.

A connoisseur of fine Oriental rugs, Rotarian Nahigian draws on his \$500,000 personal collection for exhibits shown along with talks on the romance of Oriental fabrics at Rotary Club ladies' nights. Fees received go for Crippled-Children Work in his own Club and others.

A recent bulletin published by the OSHAWA, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club reveals a human story of how Rotarians and scientific orthopedic care gave a girl normal happiness. Stricken at age



ASSISTED by Salamanca, N. Y., Rotarians, a group of 4-H members raised chickens. Here two of them repay loans at a Rotary meeting.

2, this 16-year-old miss now walks, swims, skates, and dances—thanks to the interest of local Rotarians.

An Institute of International Understanding sponsored recently by the Rotary Club of Owosso, Mich., was turned to the advantage of crippled children. A profit of between \$125 and \$150 is earmarked for them.

Twenty-one crippled youngsters enjoyed a visit from Santa Claus while guests of the BURLINGTON, VT., Rotary Club. . . Working toward the construction of a hospital is a project of Rotarians of CIUDAD VALLES, MEXICO. . . For 12 years each member of the OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Rotary Club has paid \$2 annually toward crippled-children activities. The Club is credited with initiating the State's crippled-children program. . . A football game, sponsored by the Rotary Club of ATLANTA, GA., attracted 21,000 persons and netted \$17,000 for a hospital for crippled children.

Coming Rotary Events

Mar. 13—International President Walter D. Head returns to Chicago after Club visits in the Southwest and West.
Mar. 22 and 23—Magazine Committee meets in Chicago.
Mar. 27 to 31—Meeting of the Executive Committee in Chicago.
April 28 to 30—Finance Committee will hold Chicago meeting.

Better Cooks . . . Useful Citizens In a modern kitchen fitted out by the Rotary Club of AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, older boys and girls of the local Institute for the Care of Backward Children will learn to be better cooks and more useful citizens. Afternoon tea was served parents of pupils and visitors by the sponsoring Rotary Committee at the kitchen's dedication.

Mock 'Court' Sits at Club 'Session' A mock "Supreme Court" was the basis of a recent novel initiation meeting of the DUNN, N. C., Rotary Club, with the "Justices" making short talks as "court opinions." Declared unique, amusing, and instructive, the "session" also marked the Club's 18th consecutive 100 percent meeting.

Yodels . . . Rhymes . . . and Goodwill SAYRE, OKLA., is a community of 3,200 persons, but the SAYRE Rotary Club—coöperating with the Kiwanis Club—spread its influence to 10,000 persons in adjacent rural areas. How? A series of 12 rural-urban meetings with amateur contests, prizes, and goodwill speeches was presented with real and intangible results.

Aids for Eyes and Ears A survey among school children in MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES, disclosed that 600 of them with defective vision came from families too poor to provide them with glasses. This was a cue for a member of the MANILA Rotary Club, who immediately provided 25 pupils with them. The Club set up a fund to supply other pairs from time to

time. . . Businessmen—Rotarians and others—of OXFORD, MICH., brought joy to an OXFORD Rotarian and his son recently by providing the latter with a hearing aid. The youth is getting along so well with his new instrument that he is now able to hear over the telephone.

Rotarian-Built Radio Station

Back in 1937 a couple of SWEETWATER, TEX., Rotarians "got their heads together" on a radio station for their community. These two were joined by seven others. Recently the station—KXOX—was dedicated, with the nine Rotarians comprising the broadcasting company's officers and directors.

Friendly and Neighborly Notes

"Simply an expression of friendliness to overseas Clubs" is the way SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Rotarians speak of their latest International Service project. Well-written and sincere letters in behalf of mutual Rotary idealism and peace are being mailed to 1,600 Clubs.

More Birthdays Are Celebrated

When younger members of the VINCENNES, IND., Rotary Club reminisce with their grandchildren, they'll probably spin a yarn about the Club's recent silver jubilee. And they'll have reason to remember. (See cut on page 49.)

While VINCENNES Rotarians honored new members, the Rotary Club of LIMA, OHIO, fêted old members at its silver jamboree. Twenty-five-year pins were presented to three charter members, and H. W. L. Kidder, a Club Past President and Secretary for 13 years, was given a recognition key.

Other recent Club birthday celebrations include those of EDINBURG, TEX., its 15th; and TALLINN, ESTONIA, its tenth.

Spreading the 'Light' of Rotary

The Four Objects of Rotary were dramatized in a candle-lighting ceremony at a recent meeting of the FITCHBURG, MASS., Rotary Club, at which members' ladies were guests. From the four large "Object candles," each participant in the program received a light for smaller candles which

were passed around, "thus symbolizing the light of fellowship, of understanding, and of service that Rotary is spreading throughout the world."

A Town Tips Off the Tourist

So that the world might know of the "gateway to the Allegheny National Forest"—its own city—the Rotary Club of KANE, PA., has sponsored the publication of a three-color booklet detailing the recreation and rest facilities of the community. It was financed by public subscription.

Spread Cheer in Soldier Camps

Soldier life in several European countries is a bit more cheerful because of Rotary Clubs. . . The Rotary Club of PARIS, FRANCE, supplied poilus with a radio, books, reviews, footballs, and phonographs with records. A special fund assists families of Rotarians who have been called to service.

Through the Y.M.C.A., the Rotary Club of LEICESTER, ENGLAND, distributed 96 boxes of books, magazines, and games to Leicestershire A. A. units; 12 boxes to the National Defense Corps on duty guarding bridges; and 15 boxes to Northamptonshire units.

Wives and daughters of Rotarians of GHENT, BELGIUM, meet each week to knit scarves, sweaters, socks, and mittens for soldiers. LOUVAIN Rotarians continue to send cigarettes to soldiers mobilized from their section of Belgium. OSTEND Rotarians have offered their services to the "civil guard," while members of the NAMUR Rotary Club have volunteered helpfulness to municipal authorities. Rotarians of another Belgian city, TOURNAI, have sent playing cards and a radio to soldiers billeted in their city. Members of the MALINES Club contributed two radios, three

ROTARY International's Middle Asia Secretariat (below), located in Bombay, India, is supervised by Rotarian Herbert W. Bryant (right). It serves 2,700 Rotarians from 68 Clubs in four Rotary Districts.





Photo: Rowe

PRESENTED to the Rochester, N. Y., Rotary Club as a memorial to Rotarian Monroe Heumann, this rostrum is dedicated to goodwill.

boxes of books, a football, and cigarettes for distribution among men under the command of mobilized Club members.

A list of families willing to open their homes to soldiers as visitors has been prepared by the Rotary Club of Assen, THE NETHERLANDS. Rotarians of AMERSFOORT have opened their homes so that soldiers may read, write, and enjoy a cup of tea.

When the Swiss Army was mobilized, some Swiss citizens living in other countries when called home were without funds and necessary warm clothing. Among organizations contributing to the relief of these men were the Rotary Clubs of BERNE, GENEVA, NEUCHÂTEL, ST. GALL, and SOLOTHURN. Other Swiss Clubs have made cash contributions for clothing, while wives and daughters of many Rotarians are knitting articles of clothing.

Again, Rotarians of TOURNAI have contributed 600 francs to an organization assisting Polish refugees. The 54th District, comprising the Rotary Clubs of Switzerland, has contributed 1,200 Swiss francs to the Red Cross for the same purpose. Also assisting Polish Rotarian refugees is the Rotary Club of BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, which has set up a fund for the purpose. The PARIS, FRANCE, Rotary Club has received an offer from VISEU, PORTUGAL, Rotarians to care for 11 sons or daughters of French Rotarians for one year in their own homes.

Funds raised by members of the Rotary Clubs of HALMSTAD and KATRINEHOLM, SWEDEN, have been forwarded to the Governor of the 69th District (Finland) for relief of distress. Warm underwear, socks, and shoes have been collected and forwarded also.

A Rotary Boost for Eager Youth

Sometime soon there'll be a \$50,000 civic center for youth in GUNNISON, COLO., if Rotarians have their way. And it seems that they will. The building will contain a recreation game room, a completely equipped hobby shop, a library of more than 3,000

volumes, a banquet hall, a stage for theatricals, a lounge, and other rooms. But the interest of GUNNISON Rotarians will not stop with the center's dedication. The Club plans sponsorship of parties, dances, banquets, and other affairs to encourage use of the building and its facilities.

Particularly active in Youth Work, the Rotary Club of SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA, recently sponsored the construction of a Young Men's Club at a cost of £6,000. Rotarians have already raised £5,000 of the amount.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Rotarians contributed \$2,536 to the New York Police Athletic League, making possible the opening of the Caviglia Youth Center. A Rotary-supported Boys' Club in NORFOLK, VA., was attended by 18,137 boys during its last fiscal year.

Rotary 'Service' Saves a Home

Funds raised by members of the FLORIDA, URUGUAY, Rotary Club saved an indigent resident of their city from losing his property. The man, ill and unable to work, was threatened with eviction, when the Club demonstrated the meaning of the Rotary motto: "Service above self."

Glimpse behind Prison Walls

An interest in social problems took Rotarians of the SALINE, MICH., Club away from their regular meeting place recently. They visited the penitentiary at JACKSON, glimpsed life behind prison bars.

A Young Club, and a Busy One

The Rotary Club of BOURLAMAQUE-VAL D'OR, located in a pioneer region of northern Quebec, Canada, is two years "young," but it is "old" in service. Its recent campaign in behalf of the Red Cross netted \$8,000, and a second canvass for needy, crip-

pled, and underprivileged children also was highly successful. . . . Speaking of Red Cross donations, Rotarians of WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA, subscribed \$1,000 to the Red Cross out of the Club's surplus.

Set Up Rotary Bookshelf

An appropriation of \$100 was voted by the Rotary Club of CLINTON, Mo., to establish a Rotary bookshelf in the county library. The money was apportioned so as to purchase both vocational books and others of general interest to young people.

Boxes Collect Periodicals

Deposit boxes for the collection of magazines, leaflets, and other reading materials have been installed on streets by the Rotary Club of MERCEDES, URUGUAY. Periodicals collected are distributed to hospitals, asylums, rural schools, and prisons.

Rotarians Heed Finnish Appeal

News from many sources indicates that Rotarians and Rotary Clubs are responding to an appeal by Rotary's international President, Walter D. Head, to participate in the raising of Finnish relief funds.

Typical of activities are: District 54 (Switzerland) contributed 1,000 Swiss francs. . . . Rotarians of ZURICH gave or raised a total of 1,500 Swiss francs. . . . Rotarians of District 59 (The Netherlands) are planning to send 20,000 florins. . . .

A COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, Rotarian contributed one million Finnish marks, or about \$20,000. . . . Many Danish Rotarians have offered to receive Finnish women and children refugees into their homes. . . . Rotarians of TOWNSEND, MONT., contributed \$7.50 to be forwarded to the Treasurer of the United States to be applied on the Finnish war debt. . . .

Throughout Canada, many Rotarians



TWO YEARS ago the Rotary Club of Martinsville, Va., initiated a venereal-disease clinic with 15 patients attending. The clinic, which has been given permanency through Community Fund money, now treats 200 patients weekly. One of 8,400 typical treatments is shown here.

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were active in raising the 4 million dollars recently collected for the Canadian Red Cross, which has pledged \$50,000 to Finnish relief. Rotarian Norman Sommerville is chairman of the Canadian Red Cross. (See page 41.)

Rotarians of the LAKE MAHOPAC-CARMEL, N. Y., Club voted \$25, and additional unsolicited gifts swelled the total to \$35. . . . The KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club contributed \$2,600. . . . Numerous other examples of sympathetic generosity could be cited.

Although Marcus Tollet, Governor of District 69, is in the United States working with the Finnish Relief Fund, his Rotary Governor's office is still being carried on in HELSINGFORS by Bruno Suviranta, President of the HELSINKI-HELSINGFORS Rotary Club. President Suviranta is being assisted by the Governor's sister, Miss Agnes Tollet.

Rotarians Open Happiness Door Eighty-three crippled youngsters in SARNIA, ONT., CANADA, are finding the door of happiness opened by the SARNIA Rotary Club. Members volunteer weekly to transport the young patients 114 miles to and from a clinic. While the Club has a membership of only 45 and solicits no outside funds, it spends more than \$1,000 every year for X-ray pictures, hospitalization, and clothing.

Hold Quiz on 'The Rotarian' Novel and illuminating was the quiz staged by members of the GALESBURG, ILL., Rotary Club, which tested two "teams" of Club Committee members on material contained in recent issues of THE ROTARIAN. Rival groups were composed of five members from the Boys Work Committee and the same number from the International Service Committee.

Recapture Past in Art Relics The conservation and restoration of religious-art relics in the historical Convent of San Francisco are a project of the Rotary Club of BOGOTA, COLOMBIA. The Rev. Fray Antonio de Varona, superior of the Convent, is cooperating with Club members.

Ability Brought Them Medals Outstanding students of the Federal High School and primary schools of PIEDRAS NEGRAS, MEXICO, were entertained recently by Rotarians, who presented them with medals.

Ruritans Meet with Rotarians Four members from each of six Ruritan Clubs in the vicinity of HARRISONBURG, VA., were guests of the HARRISONBURG Rotary Club at recent meetings in the interest of rural-urban understanding. Organized in rural areas and smaller towns, Ruritan National carries to both farmers and small-town businessmen principles akin to Rotary's. Two senior-class students from each of the high schools in the HARRISONBURG area will be honored guests of the Rotary Club in April as a part of the Rural-Urban Committee's program.

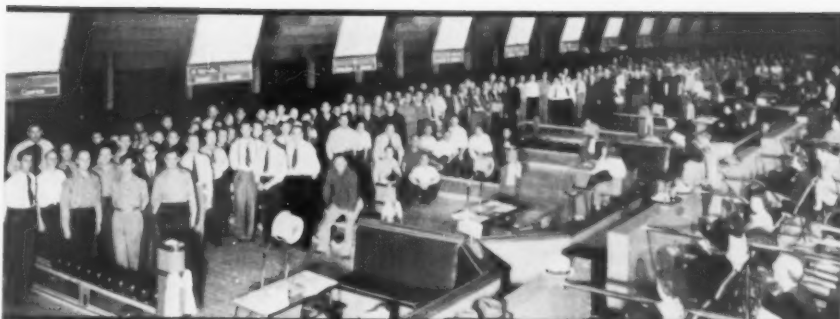


Photo: "Dick" Whittington

THAT ROTARIANS can hook a bowling ball down the alley and blast out strikes was proved recently at Hollywood, Calif., when 34 Clubs of District 107 held a bowling tournament.



Photo: Kern

A UNIQUE record was established by the Rotary Club of Vincennes, Ind., when it recently signaled its silver anniversary with the initiation of a "class" of 25 new members.



Photo: Yaw

A STAMP CLUB (above) for deaf boys is a project supported by Great Falls, Mont., Rotarians. The Bristol, R. I., Rotary Club purchased colorful uniforms for the high-school band (below).



Scratchpaddings

RECORD? Rotarians of Natchez, Miss., wonder if they haven't established some kind of an "endurance" record. They have met each week in the same location since they organized their Club in 1919—and, more to the point, they have been served by the same caterer throughout the 21 years!

Home to His Mountains. PAUL P. HARRIS, Rotary's Founder, can stay away from his boyhood home in the Green Mountains of Vermont only so long. Then he yields to such lures as the region's nippy cheese and maple sugar,



HOMEcoming in Vermont for Founder Paul.

and goes back. He got his fill of these on a recent homecoming, during which the Rotary Clubs of Wallingford and Rutland held an intercultural meeting in his honor in the latter city. One of the sprightliest conversationalists at this luncheon was FOUNDER PAUL's 85-year-old cousin, ROTARIAN HERMAN VAUGHAN, of Rutland (seen at right in cut above). By profession he's a papermaker. FOUNDER PAUL is seen behind the chrysanthemum farthest left.

1941 Convention. The Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, which was to have been host to Rotary's 1941 Convention, has regretfully been compelled to ask to be relieved of that undertaking. With Canada at war, the Government has taken over, for military purposes, the exposition grounds where the Convention was to have been held. With regret equal to that of Toronto Rotarians, the Board of Directors has relieved the Toronto Club of all responsibilities in this regard. The invitation of the Rotary Club of Denver, Colo., is now being favorably considered, but as yet commitments have not reached the contract stage.

'Compleat Angling.' INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR J. EDD McLAUGHLIN, of Ralls, Tex., went fishing recently—for the first time in his life. He caught two fish, each weighing over 18 pounds, one a drumfish, the other a red snapper. The

feat was accomplished off Galveston, Tex., where he was visiting the Rotary Club. He is going back soon. Someone said there were bigger ones a-swim in the Gulf.

Conference Postponed. Because of the war in Europe, the Board of Directors, concurring with the European Advisory Committee, has agreed that the Fifth Regional Conference for the European, African, and Eastern Mediterranean Region should not be held as scheduled. It was to have taken place in Cairo, Egypt, in November, 1940.

Directors-Nominee. The Board of Directors has nominated for election to membership on the Board for 1940-41 the following Rotarians from outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda Region and Britain and Ireland: CESAR D. ANDRADE, Guayaquil, Ecuador; ERNESTO SANTOS BASTOS, Lisbon, Portugal; SIR SHAPPOORJEE B. BILLIMORIA, Bombay, India; RICHARD R. CURRIE, Johannesburg, South Africa; EMILE DECKERS, Antwerp, Belgium. ROTARIANS CURRIE and DECKERS are members of the current Board and are being nominated for second terms.

Celebrants. Hearty golden-wedding anniversary congratulations to COLONEL



THEY have rounded their 50th milestone.

AND MRS. J. R. MASON, of East Beach, Miss. The Colonel is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Gulfport, Miss., previously scored 14 years of perfect attendance when an active member, is a colonel on the staff of the Governor of his State.

Havana-Bound. If June is fairly certain to find you in Havana, Cuba, for Rotary's 1940 Convention, but you are wondering just how to get there, this news may please you. The Board of Directors has appointed a special Transportation Committee for the North American Region. This Committee will make arrangements for travel by steamships, and perhaps planes, to Havana for Rotarians of the United States and Canada.

Its wish is to be helpful. Inquiries should be addressed to: Rotary International Transportation Committee, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Jingle Maker. WILLIAM W. KNOWLES, of the Rotary Club of Queensboro, N. Y., is an architect by trade—but, as he proved last Summer, he's a versifier by avocation. In each issue of his Club's publication, the *Queens Rotator*, he presented a ten-line jingle about Rotary at the Fair. His Club held its weekly meetings on the World's Fair grounds and was host to Rotarians from many parts of United States and other lands.

Sul-fa-nil-amide. DR. IRVING S. CUTTER, dean of medicine at Northwestern University and a member of the Chicago Rotary Club, writes a health column for the *Chicago Tribune*. In it, recently, he mentioned sulfanilamide, the new drug whose potent properties are described elsewhere in these pages. The item raised one of the Doctor's faithful readers to these heights of poesy:

*I like old Doc Cutter,
But doggone his hide,
He stumps me about this
Sulfanilamide.*

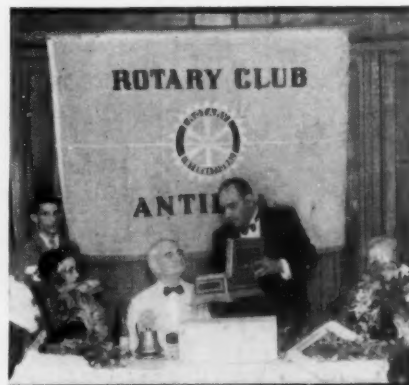
*It is not the taking,
For Doc knows his onions;
And if old Doc said it
Was sure cure for bunions,
And if I had bunions,
The first thing I tried
Would be a large slug of
Sulfanilamide.*

*Is that pronounced right, Doc?
For, gargle or spray it,
I don't give a whoop, Doc—
But how do you say it?*

Youngest? RICHARD E. FULTON is the current President of the Rotary Club of Florence, Ariz. He was 24 when his year began, became 25 last November 22. Is he the youngest Rotary Club President in Rotary International? "It would relieve my curiosity," he writes, "to find out if there are any others that beat my claim." Does he get any relief?

President. As these pages go to press, Rotary's President, WALTER D. HEAD (see his letter to Rotarians on page 7), is well under way on a six-week visit among Rotary Clubs which will take him into Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, Washington, British Columbia, Oregon, California, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas. . . . Among the souvenirs

CUBAN cigars for the President—in Cuba.



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PRESIDENT HEAD brought back from his visit among West Indian Rotary Clubs was a box of Cuban cigars—a gift of the Rotary Club of Antilla, Cuba. He shared the pungent "sprigs" with fellow Directors, in Chicago.

Parody. You will remember Lytton's lines about how existence is possible sans friends, sans books, but how civilized man cannot live without cooks. Now, from *The Trade Wind* of the Rotary Club of Honolulu, Hawaii, comes a parody of them that bids for immortality, too—at least among clubmen:

*We may live without pastry, we may live without stews;
But no club that we know of, can live without dues.*

Souvenir. When the Rotary Club of New York rounded its 30th milestone recently, the editor of the Club's weekly *Spokes* and his researching assistants expanded their normally four- or six-page publication to 24 pages to make a "Thirtieth Anniversary Edition." Drawing heavily upon the archives for old photographs and press clippings, the editors told the story of the New York Club's beginnings and growth in continuously interesting fashion.



Seal. The annual Easter Seal Sale, sponsored by the National Society for Crippled Children, a program in which several Rotary Clubs have participated in previous years, is at hand. A reproduction of the 1940 seal is shown here. Funds raised by the sale abet the work for the 350,000 crippled children of the United States.

Songs for Sale. Fresh from the press is the 1940 edition of *Songs for the Rotary Club*, a compilation of songs especially adapted for group singing. It contains many old favorites not included in previous editions and is available from Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago, Ill., in two styles—one with words only, the other with both words and music. Copyright restrictions make the 1940 edition available to Rotary Clubs in the United States and Canada only.

Salver. Durable testimony to the fact that PAST DIRECTOR ANGUS S. MITCHELL,

THIRTY-TWO men personalized this server.

Photo: Sutcliffe



of Melbourne, Australia, has endeared himself to fellow Rotarians at home is this silver salver (below). It bears the signatures of all the 1938-39 Rotary Club Presidents of the Australian Rotary District Number 65—of which he has twice been Governor. The trophy was presented to him at a meeting of these Presidents in Melbourne.

Presidential Nominee. At its 1939 Convention in Cleveland, Rotary International adopted a new method for nominating candidates for the Presidency—"[Nominations] shall be made either by the Nominating Committee for President, or by a member Club, or by both. . . ." A stop-press bulletin in your February ROTARIAN brought the report of the first Nominating Committee constituted under the new provision. ROTARIAN ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, of São Paulo, Brazil, an engineer, is the candidate proposed by the Committee. The photograph above, taken during the meeting of the Committee, shows: (from left to right) ROTARIANS ELBRIDGE W. PALMER, Kingsport, Tenn., U.S.A.; G. RAMIREZ BROWN, Managua, Nicaragua; ANGUS S. MITCHELL, Melbourne, Australia; FRANK PHILLIPS, Ithaca, N. Y., U.S.A.; C. REEVE VANNEMAN, Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.; BRUCE WILLIAMS, Joplin, Mo., U.S.A.; CHARLES WM. O'NEILL, Duncan, B. C., Canada. In the absence of T. A. WARREN, of Wolverhampton, England, Chairman of the Committee, ROTARIAN PHILLIPS presided. ROTARIANS W. ALLAN ELEY, of Singapore, Straits Settlements, and JEAN APPLETON, of Paris, France, both members of the Committee, also were unable to attend the meeting.

Paired in Rotary. To that lengthening list of Rotary Club father-and-son combinations, it is a pleasure here to add 11 more pairs. The father, lest there be any doubt about it in any reader's mind, is named first in each of the pairs: (1 and 2) ALDERMAN J. W. GARGETT, J. P., and HAROLD J. GARGETT, Stockton, England; (3 and 4) CHARLES L. and HENRY B. SUHR; (5 and 6) JOSEPH W. BARR, Sr. and Jr.; (7 and 8) DANIEL M. and WILLIAM H. SACHS, all of Oil City, Pa. The following six pairs are from Buffalo, N. Y.: (9 and 10) F. K. and CHARLES H. WING; (11 and 12) CHARLES G. DUFFY, Sr. and Jr.; (13 and 14) GEORGE P. URBAN, Sr. and Jr.; (15 and 16) EDWARD and DR. JOHN F. FAIRBAIRN; (17 and 18) HENRY W. and L. MILTON SMITH; (19 and 20) ADAM E. CORNELIUS, Sr. and Jr.; (21 and 22) CHARLES A. and EDWARD J. LAUBE.

'RIBI' Secretary. ROTARIAN HUBERT S. BANNER, who has been General Secretary of Rotary International in Britain and Ireland for almost three years, has been released from the duties of that post for the duration of the war in which his country is engaged, so that he could accept an appointment by the British Government. He is now chief

ROTARIAN Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, Brazil (right), candidate for the Presidency of Rotary International for 1940-41—and the Nominating Committee which chose him.



regional information officer of the Ministry of Information for the Southeastern Region (Kent and Sussex). The Acting General Secretary of RIBI is ROTARIAN FRED C. HICKSON.

Erratum. In their *Last Page Comment* in the February issue, the editors quoted a plan for reharnessing the energies of Past District Governors proposed by ROTARIAN ROBERT E. CRUMP, "of Memphis, Tenn." A correction is in order. This ROTARIAN contributor (August, 1939) is a member of the Monticello, Ark., Rotary Club, a former member at Jonesboro, Ark.

—THE MAN-WITH-THE-SCRATCHPAD

Father-and-Son Pairs in Rotary



Spanish Lesson No. 1. . . . Pronunciation

Note: It is suggested that the student clip each lesson—at least this explanatory information—for future reference.

There are five vowels in the Spanish language, pronounced as follows:

- a—ah—as in father
- e—ay—as in pay
- i—ee—as in meet
- o—oh—as in the exclamation "Oh!"
- u—oo—as in moon

Two or three vowels following each other, contrary to English usage, are each plainly sounded. Thus the English Christian name of Laura is pronounced *Lah'-oo-rah* in Spanish.

Consonants which may present slight difficulties for the beginners are these:

c before a, o, and u, or before a consonant, has a hard sound as in *comedor*—(*koh-may-dor'*); before e and i the c is pronounced as in the English word ceiling—*cerca* (*sayr'-kah*).

g has a hard sound as in *give* before the vowels a, o, and u; and the diphthong *ui*—guitarra therefore is pronounced *gee-tah'-rah*. Before the vowels e and i, the consonant g has the sound of our English h as in the Spanish general (*hay-nay-rah'*).

Here is the first of a series of four lessons in the language of Rotary's 1940 Convention hosts in Havana, Cuba. They supplant the series of Portuguese lessons conducted in these columns since last September, and now postponed following the announcement of the shift in the Convention site (see page 7). Make the mastery of the new series a game—the time is now short—and include the whole family.—Editors.

h is never sounded in Spanish.

j is pronounced as is the English h —jurado (*hoo-rah'-doh*).

ll is pronounced (in many of the Spanish-speaking countries) as a single sound—lla is sounded *yah*, lle—*yay*, lli—*yee*, llo—*yoh*, and llu—*yoo*.

n is pronounced as in English. However, when an accent called a *tilde* appears over the n as in *cañones*, the pronunciation is ny (*cahn-yoh'-nays*), as in the English canyon.

q followed by u is used only before e

and i and sounds like k as in *aquei* (*ah-kayl'*), and *quedar* (*kay-dahr'*).

x between two vowels, and in the prefix *ex* is pronounced as in the English—*ks*—as in *excusar* (*ayks-koo-sahr'*).

y when standing alone is pronounced like e in the English *be*. Before a vowel or between two vowels it has the sound of the English y—ayer (*ah-yayr'*), *ayudar* (*ah-yoo-dahr'*).

z in many Latin-American countries is pronounced s as in the English Saturday—*zapato* (*sah-pah'-toh*).

Accents

Spanish words ending in a vowel, diphthong, or the consonant n or s, are accented on the next to the last syllable: *donativo* (*doh-nah-tee'-voh*), *ejercicio* (*ay-hayr-see'-see-oh*), *naciones* (*nah-see-oh'-nays*). Words ending in other consonants are usually accented on the last syllable; *pacificar* (*pah-see-fee-cahr'*). Some exceptions to these rules are marked to show that the accent is otherwise than according to rule as in *frágil* (*frah'-heel*), but there are many other exceptions to the above rules which are not so indicated.

Practice Sentences . . . Useful in Travelling

Have you a ticket?

¿Tiene usted boleto?

¿Tee-ay'-nay oos-tay' boh-lay'toh?

When do we start?

¿Cuándo saldremos?

¿Kwahn'-doh sahl-dray'-mohs?

Which is my berth?

¿Cuál es mi cama?

¿Kwahl ays mee kah'-mah?

Where is my luggage?

¿Dónde está mi equipaje?

¿Dohn'-day ays-tah' mee ay-kee-pah'-hay?

Is this seat taken?

¿Está tomado este asiento?

¿Ays-tah' toh-mah'-doh ays'-tay ah-see-ayn'-toh?

How long do we stop here?

¿Cuánto tiempo paramos aquí?

¿Kwan'-toh tee - aym'-poh pah - rah'-mohs ah-kee'?

Is this the dining car?

¿Es este el coche comedor?

¿Ays ays'-tay ayl ko'-chay koh-may-dor'?

Do we get out here?

¿Bajamos aquí?

¿Bah-hah'-mohs ah-kee'?

What a beautiful view!

¿Qué panorama más bello?

¿Kay pah-noh-rah'-mah mahs bay'-yo!

Where is the lavatory?

¿Dónde está el excusado?

¿Dohn'-day ays-tah' ayl ayks-koo-sah'-doh?

The customs control must examine our luggage.

La aduana tiene que examinar nuestro equipaje.

Lah ah-doo-ah'-nah tee-ay'-nay kay ayks-ah-mee-nahr' noo-ays'-troh ay-kee-pah'-hay.

We need a porter.

Necesitamos un mozo.

Nay-say-see-tah'-mohs oon moh'-soh.

Señor, will you examine my luggage?

¿Señor, quiere usted examinar mi equipaje?

¿Sayn-yohr', kee-ay'-ray oos-tay' akys-hah-mee-nahr' mee ay-kee-pah'-hay?

Please, open your bag and this trunk.

Sírvase abrir su maleta y este baúl.

Seer'-vah-say ah-breer' soo mah-lay'-tah ee ays'-tay bah-ool'.

Have you anything to declare?

¿Tiene usted algo que declarar?

¿Tee-ay'-nay oos-tay' ahl'-goh kay day-klah-rah'r'?

Not that I know of.

No que yo sepa.

Noh kay yo say'-pah.

No, nothing but wearing apparel.

No, nada, sino ropa de uso.

No, nah'-dah, see'-noh roh'-pah day oo'-soh.

At what time does the plane leave?

¿A qué hora sale el avión?

¿Ah kay oh'-rah sah' lay el ah-vee-on'?

What must we do now?

¿Qué tenemos que hacer ahora?

¿Kay tay-nay'-mohs kay ah-sayr' ah-oh'-rah.

Where is our porter?

¿Dónde está nuestro mozo?

¿Dohn'-day ays-tah' noo-ays'-troh moh'-soh?

Where is the railway station?

¿Dónde está la estación?

¿Dohn'-day ays-tah' lah ays-tah-see-ohn'?

Note: For those desiring to make a more thorough study of Spanish, good textbooks for the beginners are:

SPANISH SELF-TAUGHT BY THE NATURAL METHOD, David McKay Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 50 cents.

THE INTERPRETER, Cortina Publishing Co., New York City, \$1.90.

PRACTICAL SPOKEN SPANISH, F. M. Kercheville, University Press, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

HUGO'S SPANISH SIMPLIFIED, David McKay Company, Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.50.

SPANISH WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER—two volumes, each sold separately, Berlitz School, Chicago, Ill., \$1.50 each.

Are 'Comics' Bad for Children?

Yes—Declares Silas Bent

[Continued from page 18]

Olds, managing editor of the Springfield (Missouri) *News and Leader*, hoped for an entirely new product.

"Some will teach history and grammar and mathematics and science," Mr. Olds wrote, "and others will be clean, exciting fiction . . . two or three times longer than the present daily panel." Whether this was a counsel of perfection remains to be seen. It has the backing at any rate of William Moulton Marston, a consulting psychologist.

"Your children and mine," Dr. Marston wrote in *Your Life* last October, "are being educated, morally, mentally, and alas! linguistically, by comic-strip artists, writers, and their bosses, the syndicate editors and managers." He asked whether anyone had ever seen a child laughing at the comics. Some of the strips, he said, were sadistic, and gave instances; others cheapened and belittled women; others suggested bad ideas. The "Tarzan" stories had resulted in injuries to scores of boys, crime and detection strips had offered information and suggestions of such nature that "the harm done passes calculation"; and the "unprovoked assault upon the English language," such as wanna, gotta, aintcher, dontcher, watta, sorta, orter, betcha, lookit, bloke, bozo—slum slang and criminal argot—offers "special appeal to children's sensation-seeking language explorations."

Dr. Marston did not say, of course, that all comics were harmful or vicious. Some of them he regarded as good reading for youngsters. Not only youngsters but also grownups read them, and his estimate was that 75 percent of all those who see newspapers pored over them. His opinion that some of them are inoffensive was borne out by a survey made by Roger C. Gay, who examined all Boston newspapers for six months and printed his findings in the *Harvard Educational Review* under the title *A Teacher Reads the Comics*. His analysis of 65 sets of comics was too long to be set down here in detail, but his conclusion was that 26 of them merited high marks, on 23 he was neutral, 13 he reproved, and three he put into the lowest class. Arthur Robb, of *Editor and Publisher*, observed that if but three men in a class of 65 at Harvard were to flunk, it would be regarded as a pretty good class.

It is familiar newspaper history that the opprobrious term "yellow journalism" was derived from rival "Yellow Kids" which ran concurrently in the Hearst and Pulitzer papers. Some 60 comics are flourishing today which be-

gan before 1920; that is, they have the same names, but they are not of the same nature. "Mutt and Jeff" were born in 1907; "Little Jimmie," in 1905; and the venerable "Katzenjammer Kids," back in 1897.

The "Katzenjammer Kids" are now two families, working for separate syndicates, and each is a maverick. To what have "The Gumps," so fondly praised by Mr. Choate, descended? We learn of a cast of characters which includes a billionaire intended victim, an innocent pawn, a villain, and his accomplice, "a clever penman," and we perceive the makings of an old-fashioned theatric shocker. In "Ella Cinders," we are assured, there is "every opportunity to run the scale of emotion," but the scale nevertheless does not include bubbling laughter. "Alley Oop" now wears a coat of mail and brandishes a huge war club. "Westerns" compete with the jungle, the gangster and his moll with "Dick Tracy" and the third degree.

Junior and his elders may enjoy such serials, but those of us who knew the comics when they actually were amusing find them a sorry exhibition. To call them "funnies" is to insult a good American colloquialism. If humor has not disappeared entirely, it has at best a low visibility. In its place are silly fantasy and melodrama. These cartoon thrillers are not even of legitimate descent from the comics which established themselves on a sure footing of favor half a century ago, and for three decades kept a continent chuckling.

We have witnessed the decline of a great American institution. In an earlier day the comic-strip artist manifested an acquaintance with the country's traditions and aspirations, with the human heart and human frailties, which many novelists might envy. The characters he created seemed as distinctly a part of

"YOU MEAN to say they use these things in cooking? I thought they were to throw!"



America's national heritage as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. They peopled the only fictional world known to the semi-literate, and a glad, amusing world for millions who could read polysyllables. Now they are, for the most part, an underworld. They are still the only fiction known to millions, probably, but on a degraded level.

This is a discussion of continuity comic strips, not of single panels, such as "The Toonerville Trolley" or H. T. Webster's cartoons, in which there is a fine reflective satire independent of any serial bait. Nor do I deny that in a few of the surviving features there is an element of humor even today. I still turn eagerly to "Mr. and Mrs." But I am free to own, a little sadly, that I do not believe this institution can be restored in its original gay irresponsibility.

From the first the craft has had possibilities of profit for the artist. Bud Fisher of "Mutt and Jeff" syndicated his own work, issued it in volume after volume, and got it into the motion pictures. He became wealthy enough to own a racing stable. Many of his followers pay substantial income taxes to Uncle Sam. But Carl Schultze, bless his heart, died a year ago in a furnished room; the creator of "Foxy Grandpa" had not stooped to the modern technique, and he was a forgotten man.

BORN half a century ago, and indigenous to the United States, the comic strip in its original form was distinctly American in spirit and expression. Syndicate salesmen, who engage in one of the most highly competitive phases of newspaperdom, soon succeeded in finding markets abroad, first in England, then in France, Germany, and elsewhere.

It seems to me possible that the export of this feature may have helped build up, in its later development, an adverse opinion of us in Europe, although I cannot find any of our numerous "foreign" critics have made mention of it. In Italy, however, where the Government has "brightened up the press" with comics and other features, cartoon strips are of the "all Italian" variety, and "foreign" strips are still banned.

But if my belief that comics haven't been good ambassadors abroad is justified, we have here another example of the responsibility of the daily press for the creation of international ill feeling.

With the overseas market crippled by the European war, promoters of the comic continuity express confidence that the feature will have an even greater popularity in the United States on the theory that Americans will seek more eagerly to escape from a world of turmoil. Joseph V. Connolly, president of one syndicate, reminds us that Woodrow Wilson read "Krazy Kat" before

entering Cabinet meetings. Arthur W. Crawford, general manager of another, asserts that this feature keeps readers "sane and normal in the face of fearful and distressing dispatches from abroad." He even asserts that "the comic strips will swing more than ever to outright humor, that the more sorrowful aspects of some of the strips will be eliminated."

If that happens, says *Editor and Publisher*, "we'll feel like adding one white mark to war's black record."

If it happens, it will come as a result of a concerted and persistent demand on the part of newspaper readers. When

life is lived at a feverish pace, we seem to require more stimulating and highly seasoned fare in every field. We need not pretend that the change to cheap sensationalism in most comic continuities is due solely to salesmanship and showmanship in the daily press; no, our own changing interests and appetites are in part to blame. And if we think that actual harm is being done to children, to say nothing of ourselves, our recourse is to let the newspaper and the syndicate know. They listen as earnestly as the politician to the "folks back home."

Are 'Comics' Bad for Children?

No!—Says Chester Gould

[Continued from page 19]

environment with the proper parental supervision, he is going to go right, regardless. Good old Dick proves time and time again that the criminal either gets killed or ends up behind prison bars—where he belongs. No criminal has ever got away to laugh at the law—not for long anyway. No, sir! Not with Dick on his trail.

Critics of the comics love to cite psychologists. Personally, I've heard so much about what psychologists think of boys and girls that I'd like just once to hear what youngsters think of psychologists. I'll bet that there are a lot of boys and girls who would like to "train" them for a spell—and that the results would be highly entertaining!

Some psychologists, for example, say the so-labelled "horror" type of cartoon strip upsets youngsters, makes them wake up at night crying and screaming. Cartoon strips? More likely it's that second piece of pie, or because their dads half scared the daylights out of the children for not scrubbing their feet or their ears. Even adults have dreams, so perhaps boys and girls can be excused.

But if we must go high-brow and drag in the psychologists, let it be noted that there are members of the profession who have a good word for the cartoon strips. They learnedly point out that all of us have more or less submerged destructive tendencies—to which they give very erudite names. Usually these tendencies are outgrown, if not repressed violently. The sensible thing to do is release them in low-grade forms through nondestructive channels. One famous specialist, for example, encourages ill-tempered little girls to tear dolls to pieces. Rage so spent quickly disappears and mother love, of which it is a perversion, develops normally.

So with cartoon strips. They provide that "escape from reality"—which, in one form or another, all of us need at

times. A pale, small-boned youngster who is easy prey of the neighborhood bully sees justice done in the comics when the "big bruiser" is whipped soundly. The lad with the pallor in his cheeks delights in this, thinking to himself that the neighborhood menace really took the beating.

Through the cartoon strips one may make a million dollars overnight with Bim Gump or Daddy Warbucks, or he may leap to Mars with Buck Rogers or The Superman. Unlike real life, there is no actual danger when the villain abducts the heroine, because boys and girls hold to the ideal that right and virtue will triumph, that the "good guys" will save her and win. The adventures are followed without fear, because Tarzan, Prince Valiant, Flash Gordon, Mandrake the Magician, or some other cartoon-strip defender of the underling will be along directly for the rescue. Subconscious wishes come true in the adventures of the new type of comic strip.

TO THINK in terms of psychology for just another moment, it is likely that parents depriving their offspring of cartoon strips widen a breach already too prominent between many mothers, fathers, and their children. A dictatorial parent becomes the villain in the piece, and the evil—if one exists—lies not in the comics, but in strained family relationships. What parent can object to the kindness to animals gleaned in the enchanting companionship of Orphan Annie and Sandy, the antics of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Porky? The glorification of working girls like Winnie Winkle the Breadwinner, and Boots and Her Buddies? The altruism of Orphan Annie, and The Lone Ranger? The encouragement which Popeye has given to untold thousands of kiddies to eat their spinach? And constructive wishful thinking invoked by the comics?

One of the most helpful influences to be found in cartoon strips, says William Moulton Marston, distinguished psychologist, is the beautiful women portrayed. It's healthy, he says, to be ruled by lovely heroines, princesses, queens, and even a gang chieftainess like the Dragon Lady of Terry and the Pirates.

Gun play? Of course there is gun play. There has to be. To complete the picture, the problems of crime must be depicted, followed by a solution revealed in action. No one wants a thing explained. All of us want to see things done. A cartoon-strip man can't paint a "wishy-washy," sickening kind of life, because life isn't like that, and nothing is so dismal as mediocrity. To show the beginning and ending is to eliminate the fun of living through the solution of a love story, a mystery, or most any kind of drama or fiction.

And the thrilling, racy action of tracking down, capturing, and giving the criminal what he deserves necessarily brings in gun play. The law is empowered to be armed for emergencies, and, naturally, the detective strips must show guns. Underworld characters get guns too, but the strips show them building up a false security in the idea that with the same guns and "more brains" they can outwit the law. Such a belief leads to their downfall in death or behind prison bars.

Let me stress the fact that the cartoon strips are not a pattern for life, but constitute enlightenment, lessons in story pictures. While situations in "Dick Tracy," for example, are fictitious, they are based on facts gathered from newspapers, police departments, and crime-detection laboratories, and each emphasizes how unclever it is to try to cheat the law.

Youngsters pick up undesirable slang from cartoon strips? I don't think it's so undesirable. When I was a youngster, the young blades of my day picked up slang and expressions which we all imagined to be clever or "cute." "Oh, you kid," "The big goof," "He's a sap," "That dizzy bloke," of my youth were no better nor no worse than "You dope" is today.

There's no connection between slang and the moral behavior of a child. If I play with my daughter on the living-room rug and she calls me a "twerp" because I defeat her in some childish game, she means no disrespect. Hers is not the expression of a criminally minded child, but merely an attempt at individuality. My little daughter thinks she's saying something new. A child will pick up words in many ways, and if those learned in a cartoon are the worst, I'll not worry about my daughter or anyone else's daughter.

But there's more to be said. H. L. Mencken, famed man of letters, in his book *The American Language*, suggests

in point that "there is a constant movement of slang terms into accepted usage." No one questions the use of "nice" in a "nice day," yet this expression was denounced by the purists of 1765. As recently as 1929, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* listed "bootlegger," "speakeasy," "crook," "fake," "fizzle," "hobo," "O.K.," "poppycock," and "racketeer." Yesterday's slang, today's accepted good English. The "slanguage" of sports writers, actors, poets, musicians, and criminals has contributed expressions to correct language of the present. Mark Twain, Rube Goldberg, Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell, President Roosevelt, and even the Bard of Avon — William Shakespeare — have added their share.

My gauge for drawing Dick Tracy is how well the youngsters like him. There's nothing like playing "Indians and cowboys," "cops and robbers" — and Dick helps the game. But when "kids" (yes, I like slang, too!) play, no one wants to be a robber, because the natural instinct is to be "the good man." There is no appeal like being on the side of the law, pursuing the criminal.

I like to show a good policeman doing his work with the finesse of a brilliant

pianist, not wallowing through gore. Nothing, however, despite an inclination to repeat a previous statement, is so stupid as mediocre humdrum. The high lights of crime detection must be featured. My experience also teaches me that no two tastes are alike. When a cartoon strip is censored to a point of being absolutely harmless, it becomes pointless. The thing must have tang—something worth the time of reading.

Youngsters are spontaneous, uttering little sighs and cries of interest and appreciation. If the cartoon strip—or history, literature, music, and motion-picture art for that matter—doesn't hold and encourage this spontaneity, it might as well be bundled up and thrown away. A child can "sell" a parent on what is entertainment.

And to demonstrate in another way that children like comics, I recall a story. I lived near a man who received two Sunday-morning papers, and while his children attended Sunday school he took out the comic sections and burned them. When his children came home, they quickly hung up their hats and coats, trooped out the back door, and congregated at the home of a neighbor. There, in the kindly neighbor's home,

these eager boys and girls sprawled on their bellies (that's a good Elizabethan word) and revelled in the adventures of their comic favorites.

Children live in the future, in a land of make-believe. They have little fantasies on their minds both day and night. Parents must appreciate this. The comic-strip artists try to. In their imagination they get down on hands and knees while they are drawing, and "Bang, bang, bang! There goes another crook!" They're trying to see things through the eyes of children. And to the degree that they do, their strips "go over"—although maybe you'd be amazed at the number of adults who follow the adventures of folks who live in the strips.

On the day a major move in the new war was expected, an irate subscriber called a metropolitan newspaper office.

"My paper wasn't delivered, and I want to know—" he exploded, but was cut short by a sweet voice saying:

"I'll tell you. The latest reports from Berlin and London—"

"It's not the war I want to know about," he blurted. "But tell me, did Orphan Annie and Dick Tracy come out all right?"

He Solved the Riddle of the Cliff Dwellers

[Continued from page 37]

of nearly 1,000 rooms all fitted snugly together. In places it is five stories high, and is surrounded by a high wall. Until 1888 no other structure had been built anywhere in the world so large for dwelling purposes. It is protected by the National Park Service as Chaco Canyon National Monument.

Parts of it had been excavated under Dr. George Pepper, of the American Museum, from 1896 to 1899. The finds were really spectacular: hundreds of beautiful bowls and jars, turquoise beads and necklaces, bone implements, articles shaped from stone. The masonry walls, shaped stones cemented together with adobe, excited admiration. It was shown that the builders were prosperous, peaceful farmers, depending on corn for food. Many facts about the ruin were known, but even after extensive research the question of *when* the now barren valley was thriving and yielded the great trees for beams was as much a mystery as ever.

When Dr. Douglass compared the two sets of patterns, he discovered a striking thing. Beams from Aztec and Pueblo Bonito were identical in tree-ring pattern—except that those from Aztec extended further. In fact, the beams from Aztec were cut exactly 44 years later than those used at Bonito! What were the actual dates? At that time—

it was January, 1920—no one could say.

Three years later Dr. Douglass lectured before the Carnegie Institution of Washington, speaking on his progress in correlating sunspot cycles with climatic cycles. He mentioned, as an interesting fact, the cross dating of beams from the two ruins. Fortunately this remark fired the imagination of Neil M. Judd, curator of the division of archaeology of the United States National Museum in Washington, D. C., who was then planning further excavations at Pueblo Bonito for the National Geographic Society.

After the lecture he asked the astronomer a significant question: Since such cross dating was possible, why would it not be feasible to work backward from the present and establish a tree-ring calendar? Wouldn't it be possible to start with trees cut at a known date, and, by matching the inside rings of those trees with the outside rings of older trees, to discover the standard patterns over a period of several centuries—and know the exact years besides? Of course it could be done, and the idea of dating prehistoric ruins by tree rings was born.

To get material for the calendar, the National Geographic Society sent out an expedition that Summer to scout the Hopi country of northern Arizona and

the upper Rio Grande valley of New Mexico for likely specimens. Modern log cross sections, beams from modern homes, vigas (roof beams) from old missions, wood fragments from ruins, were obtained. The next season more specimens were found by another expedition. The calendar began to take shape. Through Dr. Douglass' microscope, the tree rings had begun to whisper their secrets.

Developments came rapidly, and by 1928 the tree-ring calendar was established back to A.D. 1260. This meant that the sequence of wet, normal, and dry years was so well known from that year to the present that the exact year a given ring was formed was readable. Now for the first time archaeologists could state the definite years that certain ruins were built and lived in. In addition, some 30 other ruins from which wood was taken evidently preceded 1260, but these were tied together in a "floating" calendar which covered some 500 years.

But Pueblo Bonito and Aztec were still undated. Their beam patterns matched the "floating" section. Until the gap could be closed between it and the regular part, the tree-ring calendar was of limited use.

So in 1929 another expedition was scouring northern Arizona for the

"missing link." Somewhere in that vast region was a beam whose rings would close the gap. The problem was to find it. Critical study of pottery had narrowed the search to a certain type of ruin.

In May a singularly unattractive ruin at Showlow, Arizona, was selected for the search. Over the ruin was a modern house. Domestic animals had rooted and dug about it. The current owner had dug out many valuable pieces of pottery, but luckily he had cared nothing about the more valuable charcoal and wood. Nevertheless, finding the critical log at that site was not promising.

Yet scientific drama was enacted there on the 22nd of June. Just as Dr. Douglass and Mr. Judd arrived at the site that day, archaeologists encountered an old beam. It was unimpressive, and so fragile that it had to be soaked in a preserving solution and bound with string to save it at all. It was routinely numbered HH 39 and given to Dr. Douglass to examine—just an ordinary piece of badly charred, decayed wood. Actually it was destined to become one of the most famous pieces of wood in American science. It has been referred to as the American Rosetta Stone.* It was the piece that closed the gap!

The scientist guessed as much when he first glanced at it. His practiced eye could read the story of droughts and abundant years. The sequence of wide and narrow rings looked familiar. He soon determined that it was cut in 1383. The pattern ran back to 1260 without a flaw—and continued on for 23 more years. The critical date had at least been pushed back. Then the pattern of the final years of the "floating calendar" was examined again. They matched perfectly with the inside ring of HH 39. The gap was closed. Automatically the 30 ruins were dated as accurately as if dates had been chiselled on their cornerstones. Now the tree-ring calendar was completed back to A.D. 700.

After more than 30 years of scientific wondering, the mystery of Pueblo Bonito's age was solved. Talkative tree rings said that it had been under construction in A.D. 919, that its heyday of cultural development was 1067, and that it was occupied a little past 1127, when drought conditions forced the Bonitans to seek more productive fields. Beams and charcoal told all this!

These, then, are the dramatic highlights of the story. Actually, of course, the technique of reading dates from tree rings is a highly complex procedure. There are less than a dozen persons in the United States who can do it.

* The Rosetta Stone, found in Egypt in 1799, carried ancient inscriptions in Greek and hieroglyphics, enabling scholars for the first time to read the latter kind of writing.

But the theory is easy to understand. Cross sections are taken of the beam or charcoal fragment. They should contain all the rings from the heart to the bark. That last ring is all-important, for it shows the exact year the tree was felled. Borings may be taken from living trees or beams that must not be sawed.

The specimen is scraped with a razor blade when prepared for study, thus making the individual rings more visible under the reading glass or microscope. Then a "skeleton plot" of the pattern is made on squared paper. Lines of different lengths and a few symbols indicate the character of the unusual rings. The longer the line on the plot, the thinner the ring for which it stands. Normal rings are not marked. When the pattern has thus been reduced to a set of symbols, this plot is matched against the master calendar. Somewhere there the patterns will match; the sequence of wide and narrow rings will be the same over, say, 50 years. When this place is found, the specimen is dated, for the exact years are known on the master calendar. It is a precise, arduous science.

AN INCIDENT showing its exactness comes from Dr. Emil W. Hauray, an expert, who dated a beam cut in 1343—and went still further. Because the last ring was incomplete and he knew the growing season of the region, he could tell that the log was cut in mid-July!

Of course, the lusty infant science has not stopped with the dating of Pueblo Bonito, Aztec, and a mere handful of ruins. Constant research has extended the master calendar (for northern Ari-

zona) back to A.D. 11. Over 300 ruins have been dated, and more are determined every month. The earliest dated ruin was one built in A.D. 346.

Best adapted to the climatic conditions of the Southwest with its great variations of annual rainfall, Dr. Douglass hopes eventually to adapt this science to other parts of the United States—and of the world. The soundness of the principles have been demonstrated, but tremendous work will be needed to achieve the total results aimed at. Different master calendars will be necessary for each region and each species of tree. Already notable progress has been made in Georgia and the Mississippi valley. Alaska also is yielding results.

In making tree-ring patterns usable for archaeological dating, Dr. Douglass has not forgotten his original problem. He has determined that the cycle of weather on the earth is in rhythm with the sunspot cycles and that there is a definite causal relation between the two.

His studies further show that each century there is one notable drought. Spaced by about 300 years, there are tremendous droughts. Examples of these occurred from 1880 to 1904, 1573 to 1593, and from 1276 to 1299. The latter caused great distress among the prehistoric Indians of the Southwest. He has also shown that there are 38-year cycles of climatic variations, with subcycles of 19 and 9½ years. All this is related in some way to sunspots 92 million miles away!

Tree rings tell this story. In trees that grew hundreds of years ago they are ancient almanacs telling the story of weather in ages past in a form that Dr. Douglass was first to read.

UNEARTHING the now famous Beam HH 39 at Showlow, Ariz., in 1929, which closed the gap in the tree-ring dating system. Extreme delicacy was required in the removal of the timber.

Photo: National Geographic Society



Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

saddle and administrative, economic, and bureaucratic activity is daily adding to its power, while the "No Interference" sign is over every entrance to union headquarters. The elimination from human nature of this urge to dominate, individually and collectively, is a necessity before mutually satisfactory industrial relations will or can be a possibility. And it is because Rotary has so distinctively curbed this trait among its membership that our energetic altruists hope to bring into the beneficent glow of our fellowship all the discordant, complex elements of industrial, competitive life.

It is a worthy, constructive objective. The practical question is *how*? It has been proposed that we initiate representatives of organized labor into our membership. But how?

Rotary Clubs insist on the privilege of selecting their members and organized labor insists on choosing its representatives for any objective. Are we to make an exception or will we abrogate? There is also a distinct handicap to this objective in the evanescent quality of labor representation. It is true that in central locations like Chicago, men who are national labor officials may hold office over a term of years and, because of their independence of local controversies, become eligible and make excellent members of Rotary. To a lesser extent, State labor officials could attain similar eligibility and, dependent upon their individual characteristics, become fine members of any Club. But for a local union, or even a local trades council, to designate a representative to a local Rotary Club is, from its method of transacting business, beyond the realm of probability. . . .

It is my considered judgment that unless Rotary changes its fundamental concept of eligibility for membership, or organized labor changes its opinion of civic organizations together with its method of selecting representatives, better understanding and lessened industrial strife do not lie along the road of labor's affiliation with Rotary.

'Speaker Not Important'

Asserts JOHN H. KEEN, Rotarian
Newspaperman
Austin, Texas

Ha! ha! ha! haw! haw! . . . That was my reaction to Carl Schultz's confession in the December *ROTARIAN* entitled *A Speaker Speaks His Mind*, and, I might well add, *His Heart*.

Carl's confession made me laugh because it recalled to me an experience of my own some years ago. I was asked to address a Rotary Club of several hundred members. I accepted with the warning that I was a speaker who spoke his mind.

I worked on that speech. I was sure it was a gem of wit and wisdom. And, like Carl's speech, it was a huge suc-

cess. I have never been invited to that Club since. I know just how Carl feels. True I had a number of requests for copies of the talk, but when I looked them over at home, I found they were from Rotarians from far-away States visiting the Club that day.

Long ago, when I had ambitions to be a good speaker, I had a real orator give me a bit of advice. William Jennings Bryan, in answering a nery question I put to him, said, "Young man, an audience owes a speaker nothing, not even attention. If you accept the honor they show you by inviting you to speak, you owe them the courtesy to have something to say and the ability to say it interestingly. Otherwise you should decline the invitation."

Did you ever realize that when a man addresses an audience of 100, he is taking about 30 hours of their time, if he talks only 20 minutes. The speaker is sacrificing only 20 minutes against his listeners' 30 hours. Where the quality of the speech is excellent, like Carl's evidently was, it is usually, also like Carl's, a repeater and the time spent in preparation should be allotted, when it can't be ignored.

Carl and I and you other speakers should remember that the speaker is not important. It's the audience and the message. When a speaker has something to say, says it interestingly, and *loud enough for all in the room to hear without shoving their ears out of joint*, expressions of appreciation will not be shy.

'I Brought the Water'

Recalls JAMES SALLOWS
Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada

In looking through some old magazines recently, I came across *THE ROTARIAN* for April, 1936.

On page 17 I was more than agreeably surprised to come upon an old photograph of my dear old Dad, sitting on a mower drinking a cup of water [see cut]. I was the little boy who brought him the drink on that day more than 50 years ago.

The photo was taken by my uncle, R. R. Sallows, of Goderick, Ontario. The scene was on our farm, Colborne Township, Huron County, Ontario, on the east shore of Lake Huron. I notice Ewing Galloway is credited with the photo. It may be this firm purchased my uncle's negatives.



Conscience—Crime Deterrent

Believes R. L. SANDWICK, Rotarian
Educational Consultant
Highland Park, Illinois

I have been much interested in the series of crime articles presented in *THE ROTARIAN*, for I have long compared the amount of crime in the United States and in other countries—France particularly. When my Rotary Club sent me to the international Convention in Nice,

France, in 1937, I stayed on to learn why France has a low and falling percentage of crime, while in the United States the ratio of crime to population is high and rising.

I interviewed Rotarians and others in a position to understand the crime problem and the reasons for its relatively low rate. Each had his own opinion. I visited French schools in every grade from kindergarten through the Lycée (secondary school). In this way I found what I believe to be the most important factor in crime reduction in France—the schools and their program of education. Not in the Lycées or higher schools, but in the *écoles primaires*. Children enter the first grade at age 5. Fifteen minutes a day is given to a class called *morale*, ethics teaching which, it is said, trains the conscience of children in the *mores* of a civilized nation. No such course is given in American schools.

What are the *mores* of civilization? They are the customs and traits which give safety of life, property, and reputation. Acquired early, they become practically instinctive, backed by conscience, and effective for self-control the whole life through. In future years the individual will not remember how or when he acquired the moral bias that controls his conduct. The subconscious monitor, the still small voice, will seem as something inborn.

When the great sitdown strike of 1936 occurred in Paris, foreign correspondents noted that "everywhere machines were taken care of, the furnaces which must never go out were kept going." In food stores, though hungry, the strikers took not a loaf of bread; in furniture stores they slept on the hard floor, leaving blankets on the shelves. They turned on only one light in five at night, covered the counters with cloth, and the strike was called off without a single death.

Surely training in the *mores* of civilization has been successful in France. It answers our question, why so few crimes in France?

Entry Port: A Florist's View

From ALFA ELBERFIELD, Rotarian
Alpha Floral Company
Kansas City, Missouri

In the symposium-of-the-month for November, 1939, *What of the State Trade Barriers?*, reference was made to "port of entry." We have this to contend with almost every day, as we transport our own products from our greenhouses in the State of Kansas to our downtown store, which is located in Kansas City, Missouri, the two places being about 14 miles apart.

I mailed this *ROTARIAN* article to the attorney general of Kansas, Jay S. Parker, who replied: "The question presented [in the symposium] is indeed a difficult one, and one with which our Legislative Council is now struggling. I have confidence that it will be able to work out a satisfactory solution."

I suggest that others take the same action, and in a combined action we might hope for results.

OPINION

Pithy bits gleaned from talks, from letters, from Rotary Club and other Rotary Publications.

No Hermits Needed

ALLEN E. WALKER, *Rotarian*
General Law Practice
Winter Haven, Florida

The world has little use for the man who lives unto himself alone—who burns up all his energy in getting from his neighbors and never giving of his brains or energy to the community. The community is always poorer because of him and would be far happier without him. That sort of parasite is never found in a service club. If by chance he sneaks in, he either becomes a convert to the principle of service or quietly drops out and descends to the level to which he belongs—too busy selfishly serving himself to find just a little time to serve the community.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Rotary Would Oust Smugness

DR. R. L. SPITTEL, *Rotarian*
Hospital Service
Colombo, Ceylon

The laborer, provided he has a sufficiency of work and wage, is, I submit, a happier man than the easygoing opulent whose very surfeit of comforts and self-indulgence is apt to make of his life a selfish and empty thing. The grand object of Rotary, it seems to me, is to make rich men (of whom its membership is composed) better, to bring them out of their smug self-centeredness and make them deploy into the less fortunate arenas of life where their influence and money can be of immense benefit.

'Rotary Not an Invention'

From the Beacon, Rotary Club of
Kewanee, Illinois

Behind Rotary International of today lies a tremendously important and romantic story of achievement. It may be compared in some respects to the American railway system. The railroad was not an American invention. In fact, it was not an invention at all, but only the putting together of three things which already had been discovered—the wheel, the rail, and the steam engine. Rotary International was not an invention, but the putting together of men in an organization for service.

Odds Favor Educated Man

R. B. WILSON, *Rotarian*
Men's Furnishings
El Dorado, Arkansas

The record of achievements of men of world-wide repute who have had the benefit of higher education should be the source of inspiration of young people at the age when they must make the decision of whether to continue with their schooling or try to find employment. The leaders in industry, science, medicine, law, and statesmanship—in practically any field of endeavor that one might mention—have been men of higher education. There are outstanding exceptions, to be sure—men like

Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Sr.—but the percentage of these in more recent years has become less and less with the decrease in opportunities for spectacular achievement that once existed.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

The Buyers Must Answer Too

DR. KEITH R. THOMPSON, *Rotarian*
Dentist
Port Angeles, Washington

Far too often the buyer as well as the seller is to blame for unfair competition. The buyer by his supposedly shrewd buying plays one competitor against the other, forcing the price down and indirectly endangering the source of production of this particular commodity. This practice also helps to create a monopoly by forcing competitors out of business. The answer to unethical business methods is to be found in more voluntary coöperation among businessmen in fairness and decency to one another and not through legislative action. Rotary, other service clubs, and Better Business Bureaus can all play an important part in creating better business standards and eliminating unfair competition.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

'Cannot Escape Responsibility'

DAVIS H. MORRIS, *Rotarian*
Telephone Service
Cleveland, Ohio

We are living in a closely knit and interdependent society that is worldwide. Whether we like it or not, we cannot escape either our dependence upon other people or our responsibility for the effect of our actions upon other people. Our present scale of living and the opportunity to enjoy it, and even to im-

prove upon it, are the result of the coöperative effort of the rest of society in all the world. The world owes no man a living, yet what a debt each one of us owes to the rest of mankind. That debt we must pay in service, in our own contribution to the production that creates the wealth and raises the level of living of society.

Consider the Countryside

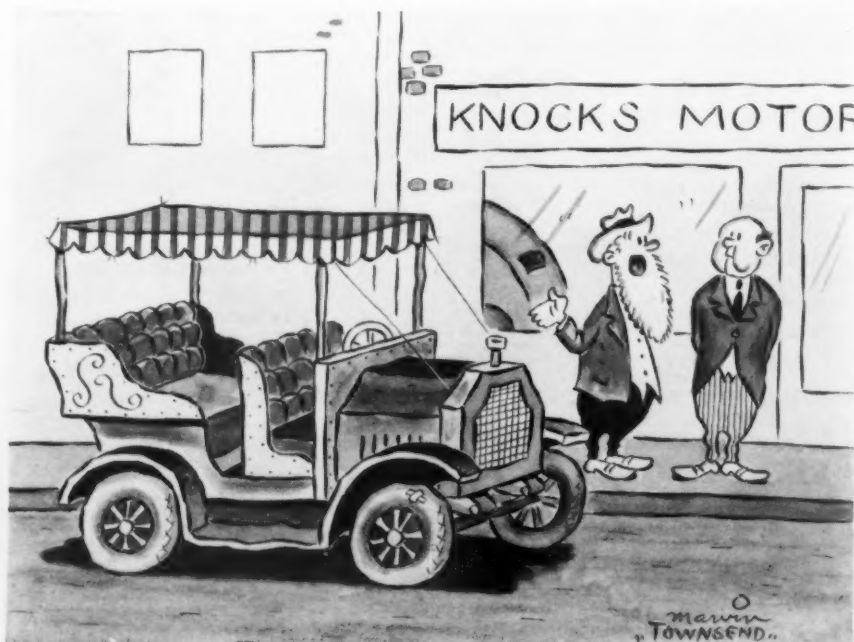
DEWITT L. MILLER, *Rotarian*
Protestant Minister
Meyersdale, Pennsylvania

Rural America also makes a large contribution to our urban life. Four out of every ten of the new workers in our industrial centers are young men who come from the country. Seven or eight out of every ten leaders in the city churches are men and women who have been born in the country. In the report of the rural church conference which was held in January, 1938, there is this statement: "The city church can be maintained only by dependence upon farm folk who make their way into the city." Rural America not only must maintain itself, but it also must help maintain the economic and religious life of our cities.

'Rotarians Are Different'

Personally, the Rotarians are unequalled as a public-spirited organization. I have had an excellent chance to watch the conventions which have come and gone since the Civic Auditorium was built. And every one of them, to my notion, is just another convention—a gathering of men and women, who go through the same old cut-and-dried meetings, applaud a lot of asinine speeches, kid each other to death, and elect officers for the coming year. But the Rotarians are different. They somehow do things better and more cleverly. They gathered here at your recent convention [District Conference] and I was struck by the high-class type of men they were, breezy, friendly, very con-

"YES, it is a little old, but I've decided to trade it in before it starts giving me trouble."



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siderate—substantial conservatives with a decided playboy complex which was highly attractive. In fact, I noticed that everything on the three-day program was superior in each case to anything I have ever witnessed at the conventions held here in the past.—*From a letter received by Wm. D. Wall, Secretary of the Rotary Club of San Jose, California.*

Balanced Education Needed

DR. LEROY B. CAMPBELL, *Rotarian*
Music Instructor
Warren, Pennsylvania

We do not want an all-emotional education; that might be a force, but it is not a constructive force; it is overimpetuosity, uncontrolled enthusiasm, free love, maudlin sentimentality. On the other hand, we do not want what we have today—an all-intellectual education; that also is a force, but it is a blind force, for it only sees with the eye of dollars and cents, sees the coldly practical, the rank material; it does not see with the eye of sympathy, fine values, or a keen sensitiveness for beauty and kindred feelings.

A Chance to Clean Up a World

L. D. FAIRFIELD, *Rotarian*
Hotel Executive
Fort Morgan, Colorado

To us who are privileged to call ourselves Rotarians, I feel that Rotary is intended to be of assistance to us in helping us build stepping-stones, instead of forming stumbling blocks from our shapeless mass and book of rules. I feel Rotary is for every man who is determined to make a worthy contribution to the world; to make it a little better, a little cleaner, a little decent place in which to live.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Daisies and Cabbages—and Kings

HARRY EDMONDS
New York, New York

A cabbage and a daisy probably look at things wholly from the cabbage and daisy point of view, not seeing that there is anything in the garden but cabbages and daisies. What a drab world it would be if there were no vegetables but cabbages, and no flowers but daisies. Not that I disdain either. I am fond of cabbage, raw and cooked, and I like daisies. It is a true saying that variety is the spice of life, but many people prefer to be just cabbages. And if these people do grant the existence of others in the vegetable and animal kingdom, they esteem themselves as the highest in creation.

'Politics Out of Place'

H. D. JONES, *Rotarian*
Coal-Tar Products Distributor
Durham, North Carolina

From Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Coast I have attended meetings of local Rotary. . . . I am certain that any town or city can be known by an observation of the caliber of its Rotary Club. It has been a revelation to me that Rotary Clubs as a whole are actually run by the Clubs rather than by little political

groups. Politics has no place in Rotary, and that applies to national as well as private politics. When I find a Club or group moved by a small minority, it is easy to expect that the town will be laggard and unprogressive, since it does not move as a whole.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Lincoln Acceptable to Rotary?

REV. WALTER R. FLOYD
Former Rotarian
Greenview, Illinois

If Lincoln had lived in Rotary's day, with what pride we would have boasted that Lincoln once belonged! What an impetus that one fact alone would have given it! And yet there is another fact that must be considered first—the chances are that Lincoln would not have been asked to join Rotary! He was just a struggling, gangling failure at first, not even having a steady vocation. Rotary would have paid little attention to him.

Man Greater Than Thought

DR. H. H. SKINNER, *Rotarian*
Obstetrician
Yakima, Washington

A thought is the greatest factor in the moving of men of yesterday and today and all time. Yet the particular thought of a man is not so great as he who gives birth to the idea. Great as the pyramids were, the philosophy of Socrates, the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, the Antarctic expeditions of Byrd, still we realize those engendering minds never were expressed to full capacity.



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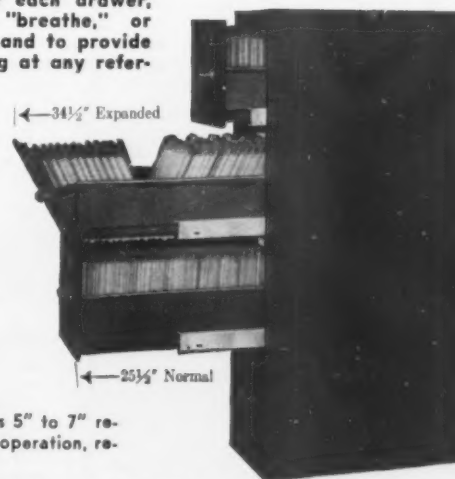
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Stripped Gears



From Dublin (Ireland) Opinion

"I give charity only to the deserving poor."

"But how do you recognize the deserving poor?"

"They are the ones who are too proud to accept charity."

OLD FAITHFUL

My car is so old it's asthmatic,
It creaks in each joint and bolt;
When driving about
Its tires give out
And let me down hard with a jolt.

There's something quite wrong with the engine,
It runs with a horrible cough;
The cushions are worn
The foot rug is torn,
In places the paint's peeling off.

But it will still go if I coax it,
Appease it with oil and with gas,
And I'm not upset
By dust that I get
From wheels of the new cars that pass.

I call my poor auto "Old Faithful"
And discount its rattles and pants;
And though I upbraid it
D'you think I would trade it?
Oh, would I? Just give me the chance!
—Helen Howland Prommel

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to: Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. To the Rev. R. J. Striffler, of Geneva, Ohio, has been mailed a check for the following story:

The young minister of a village church and his wife had just had a new baby born to them. Because the salary which they were able to pay him was rather small and hard to stretch in such emergencies, the kind people of his church made up a purse of \$50 which they presented to him.

On the following Sunday morning two of the deacons of the church were sit-

ting in a rear pew at the time of the morning service of worship. One leaned over and whispered to the other, "I'll bet you a quarter that the parson thanks the Lord for the \$50 before he thanks Him for the new baby." "I'll take you," replied the second deacon, and they shook hands furtively on the bet and listened impatiently for the dominie to begin his prayer.

But they are still arguing about who won that bet, because in the solemn moment when the minister rose to lead the congregation in prayer, he began his petition by saying:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for the timely succor which has come to us."

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it—never in the tongue of him that makes it.—William Shakespeare.

Sight-Seeing

Bob: "What was that last place we whizzed through?"

Smed: "Orange."

Bob: "Was it? Good! I've always wanted to see Orange."—Cogs, NORTH SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Unacquainted

Beatrice: "How long did you know your husband before you were married?"

Laura: "I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did."—Savannah Rotary, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Fumble

Professor's daughter: "Circumstances compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

Student: "Er—I don't get you. . ."

Professor's daughter: "That's just what I'm telling you!"—Bulletin, St. ALBANS, VERMONT.

Clash

Lawyer: "So you want a divorce. Aren't your relations pleasant?"

Client: "Mine are, sir, but hers are terrible."—The Rotary Merry-Go-Round, FAIRFIELD, IOWA.

His First Brief

Young lawyer: "The accused has entrusted his defense to me—I ask for an investigation of his mental capacity." —Barenspiegel, SWITZERLAND.

Business Activity

Rastus: "How's de business, Sambo?"

Sambo: "Lawdy, man, business am sure good. Ah's done bought a mule for \$10, swapped it fo' a bicycle, swapped



"BUT, sir, you've just gotta exchange this gun . . . it keeps shooting my dogs!"

dat fo' a mangle iron, swapped dat fo' a bedstead, and ah sold dat bed fo' \$10." Rastus: "But you-all ain't made nothin' on de turnover."

Sambo: "Ah knows dat, but look at de business ah's done."—*Bulletin*, ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

Fare Exchange

He: "I wish you would quit driving from the back seat."

She: "I will when you quit cooking from the dining-room table."—*The Rotary Fellow*, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN.

Memory Expert

The long-outstanding accounts of the firm were being paid with amazing promptness, which aroused the curiosity of the head of the organization. "How do you do it?" he asked the young man responsible for the change.

"I just recall parts of letters I sent Dad while I was at college," he explained.—*The Catalina Islander*.

Further Outlook

A farmer, in reply to a request for payment of installments due on his land, wrote:

"Dear Sir,—I got your letter about what I owe you. Now be pachment, I

ain't forgot you. Please wait. When I have the money, I pay you. If this was Judgment Day, and you was no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account, you sure would have to go to Hades. Trusting you will agree to do this, I am, yours truly."—*Halifax Herald*, CANADA.

Involuntary Resignation

The mistress was looking over the new maid's references before engaging her.

"Do you think you will settle down here?" she asked after a while. "Remember, you've left a good many situations."

The girl smiled confidently. "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "but I didn't leave any of them voluntarily."—*Reynolds' News*, ENGLAND.

Born Diplomat

Bobby to his little brother: "I must share this cake with you—I will give you the nice dainty little piece and take this ugly big piece myself."—*Furnica*, ROUMANIA.

GEBTOR?

A merchant addressing his debtor Remarked in the course of his lektor

That he chose to suppose

A man knose what he ose:

And the sooner he pays it, the bektor.

—*Rotogram*, LAKEPORT, CALIFORNIA

She Knew

Mrs. Gayboy had some of her friends to tea. Among them was the professor's wife who prided herself on her correct use of the King's English on every occasion.

"I wish I knew where George was," remarked the hostess, referring to her rather dissipated husband.

The professor's wife drew herself up. "I presume, my dear," she said primly, "that you mean you wish you knew where he is."

"Oh, no, I don't," replied Mrs. Gayboy, sweetly. "I know where he is. He's upstairs in bed with a black eye and a fearful headache. I want to know where he was."—*Tatler*, ENGLAND.

"I'M going to a movie! This home life isn't suited to a man with adventure in his blood!"



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Now You See It—Now You Don't

MAGICIANS still thrill and bewilder the public today just as HERRMANN THE GREAT, KELLAR THE GREAT, HOUDINI, and HOWARD THURSTON did in days gone by. There may be as many as 100,000 of them in the United States today, according to JOHN MULHOLLAND, one of the leading professional prestidigitators. The great majority, among them HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, whose writings frequently appear in THE ROTARIAN, look upon legerdemain as a hobby.

When ROTARIAN J. ELDER BLACKLEDGE, of Indianapolis, Ind., was 10 years old, he was fascinated by conjuring tricks. Here he tells why his hobby finally grew into a profession.

Methods of getting away from the daily grind are well known. Yet many men in business, professional, educational, and political activities find the greatest relaxation in a field which actually often requires greater mental alertness than the jobs in which they earn a living. In travelling through 20 countries I have found hundreds of men, many of them important, who are interested in conjury.

Magic never disappoints one. I was graduated as an architect and practiced my profession for a number of years, but now because of a boyhood hobby my profession has changed to one of lecturing and conjuring entertainments.

Magic has influenced the thoughts of people down through the ages, for it has a universal appeal. People love to be fooled today just as much as they did in the days of Cagliostro and Robert Houdini, men whose lives make fascinating reading. In 28 years of research I have concluded that magic is one of the best forms of entertainment when properly presented.

If you are interested in conjuring tricks, and you can't help being once you start, you will find endless enjoyment. It takes practice and concentration, but you will be surprised what your hands can be trained to do.

First, you should master the fundamentals of the art—the thrill of practicing sleight of hand and of perfecting technique. You will learn agility, dexterity, poise, power of expressing your ideas. Your power of observation will improve, you will feel at ease before people, and you will improve your diction. Surgeons find that sleight of hand improves their dexterity, and lawyers

find that conjuring stimulates analytical thinking.

Here's a secret: The next time you smoke a cigarette, wet the end with just a touch from the tip of your tongue. Then light the wet end and you will find that it will moisten the tobacco and you will have a cool smoke.

Now if no one has seen you wet the end of the cigarette, after a few puffs you can bend it almost into knots and amaze your friends. And if you don't tell them the secret, you will have lots of fun watching them break up their cigarettes vainly trying to imitate you.

Magic has never disappointed me and I think it never will disappoint you.

Good witnesses for the case made by ROTARIAN BLACKLEDGE are ROTARIAN DALE WATSON, of Raymondville, Tex., who has mystified audiences in some 80 clubs; ROTARIAN W. C. SHELLY, of Vancouver, B. C., Canada; ROTARIAN F. P. ROBISON, of Curwensville, Pa.; and ROTARIAN C. A. LEEDY, of Youngstown, Ohio, all of whom report magic as their hobby.

What's Your Hobby?

No, we don't ask out of idle curiosity. THE GROOM would like to list you and your hobby or that of any member of your family—if you are a Rotarian—without charge. You may find others astride a similar hobby.

American Neologisms: Mamie Meredith (sister-in-law of Rotarian — collects coinages, slang, and jargon), Department of English, The University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb., U.S.A.

Snakes: Henry G. Richards (will swap live or pickled snakes of Alabama for species indigenous to other parts of the world), P.O. 154, Florence, Ala., U.S.A.

Shells: Fred S. Webber (collects land and marine shells), 271 Maple St., Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.

Coins: Oscar Odegard (collects coins, especially those of other countries; interested in exchanges or correspondence), 230 S. Front St., Mankato, Minn., U.S.A.

Match Covers: John H. McGiboney (wants match cover from every city with a Rotary Club), Box 836, Maysville, Ky., U.S.A.

Match Covers: Mary Margaret Moore (daughter of Rotarian—seeks match covers from hotels and business firms all over the world), 513 N. 11th St., McAllen, Tex., U.S.A.

Match Covers: Acey W. Sutherland (would like contact with other collectors of match covers), 168 Gibson St., Canandaigua, N. Y., U.S.A.

Match Covers: T. F. Lanning (seeks correspondence with match-cover collectors and will exchange duplicates), 1005 N. 1st St., Dennison, Ohio, U.S.A.

Amateur Lapidarist: Col. H. T. Goodland (collects, cuts, grinds, and polishes agates and other semiprecious stones; invites correspondence particularly from Pacific Coast Rotarians), "Westways," Uplands, Victoria, B.C., Canada.

Horses: H. V. Mercer (invites correspondence from other horse fanciers), 226 E. 2nd St., Ottumwa, Iowa, U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM





The Program Builder

Students, program makers, and the interested reader will find the following references useful. They are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance* (Form No. 251), issued by Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

WHAT! NO JOB?

A program on occupational guidance and what Rotarians can do to help young people achieve economic security.

Youth Service

June, Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., 1938; Jan., Feb., 1939.

More Education or a Job? Henry C. Link. May, 1938.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Our Schools Must Serve Youth. J. Marshall. *Parents' Magazine*. Sept., 1939.

Common Sense or Chaos. John Edward Brown. *Vital Speeches*. Dec. 15, 1939.

Do You Want to Be a Banker? Wilber F. Crook. **Do You Want to Be a Doctor?** Morris Fishbein. Both books by Stokes. 1939. \$1.50 each. Two of a new series on various careers for youth.

How to Find the Right Vocation. Harry Dexter Kiltson. Harper. 1938. \$2.50. An outstanding guide for the "undecided youth."

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Public Affairs Committee, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City:

Youth in the World of Today. Revised. 1939. 10c.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

What! No Job? No. 658.

Occupational Guidance for Youth. No. 655.

Occupational Interviews. No. 659.

Apprentice Training — A Method of Preparing Youth for Jobs. No. 662.

COMPETITION — LIFE OR DEATH OF TRADE?

A consideration of rugged and sometimes ruthless individualism and of cooperation through trade associations, chambers of commerce, etc.

Vocational Service

Godfrey M. Lebhar. Feb., 1939.

Is Being 'Smart' Really Smart? Reidar Brekke. Dec., 1938.

Is My Competitor My Enemy? (debate). Yes! Charles S. Ryckman. No! William R. Vendall. May, 1936.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Competition—Life or Death of Trade? No. 547.

Competition and Business Management. No. 545.

Mar., 4th Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
What Should I Tell 'Chuck'? Tom J. Davis. This issue, page 33.

Get Acquainted! Walter B. Pitkin. Feb., 1940.

Think Your Way to a Job. Maxine Davis. Oct., 1939.

How to Get a Start in Life (series). Walter B. Pitkin.

June, Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., 1938; Jan., Feb., 1939.

More Education or a Job? Henry C. Link. May, 1938.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Our Schools Must Serve Youth. J. Marshall. *Parents' Magazine*. Sept., 1939.

Common Sense or Chaos. John Edward Brown. *Vital Speeches*. Dec. 15, 1939.

Do You Want to Be a Banker? Wilber F. Crook. **Do You Want to Be a Doctor?** Morris Fishbein. Both books by Stokes. 1939. \$1.50 each. Two of a new series on various careers for youth.

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From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

What! No Job? No. 658.

Occupational Guidance for Youth. No. 655.

Occupational Interviews. No. 659.

Apprentice Training — A Method of Preparing Youth for Jobs. No. 662.

Apr., 1st Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
Be Thankful for Your Competitors. J. C. Aspley. This issue, page 13.

Has Business Lost Interest? Channing Pollock. Jan., 1940.

Salesmanship — New Style. Bradford Ellison. Aug., 1939.

Business, Cleanse Thyself! H. I. Crawford. Apr., 1939.

Shackle the Chain Store? (debate). Yes! Wright Patman. No!

Godfrey M. Lebhar. Feb., 1939.

Is Being 'Smart' Really Smart? Reidar Brekke. Dec., 1938.

Is My Competitor My Enemy? (debate). Yes! Charles S. Ryckman. No! William R. Vendall. May, 1936.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Competition—Life or Death of Trade? No. 547.

Competition and Business Management. No. 545.

PEACE COLLABORATION IN THE AMERICAS

April 14 is celebrated each year in 21 American Republics as "Pan American Day." What significance has this day for world peace?

International Service

South America Has Everything! Edward Tomlinson. Oct., 1939.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Cultural Ties That Bind the Americas. B. M. Cherrington. *School Life*. July, 1939.

BOOKS:

Latin America. Stephen Duggan. World Peace Foundation. 1936. 75c.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Peace Collaboration in the Americas. No. 731.

Strength and Unity in Diversity. No. 748.

Can Peace Be Organized? No. 726.

YOUTH SPONSORSHIP

A program on character education and guidance and what Rotary Clubs and Rotarians can do to help young people develop into useful citizens.

Youth Service

worth Crowder. Nov., 1939.

Youth Hits the Hostel Trail. Oct., 1939.

Teamwork in Tampa. Bill Abbott. Aug., 1939.

So We Are Calling It—'Boy Sponsorship.' Winthrop R. Howard. June, 1937.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Boystowns for Cleveland Youth. Fred C. Kelly. *Recreation*. Nov., 1939.

I Like Bad Boys. Jacob M. Braude. *Atlantic Monthly*. Nov., 1939.

BOOKS:

The History of the Boy Scouts of America. William D. Murray. Boy Scouts of America. 2 Park Ave., New York City. A history of the organization.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Youth Sponsorship. No. 698D.

A Symposium on Character Education. No. 677.

Occupational Guidance for Youth. No. 655.

Occupational Interviews. No. 659.

Apr., 2nd Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
Newspapers Link the Americas. Rodolfo N. Luque. This issue, page 27.

A Gallery of Ibero-American Art. Nicolás Delgado. This issue, page 29.

Note May issue for additional material on this theme.

Rotary Is Active in South America (pictorial). Feb., 1940.

Brazil Is Big! (pictorial). Jan., 1940.

South America Has Everything! Edward Tomlinson. Oct., 1939.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Cultural Ties That Bind the Americas. B. M. Cherrington. *School Life*. July, 1939.

BOOKS:

Latin America. Stephen Duggan. World Peace Foundation. 1936. 75c.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Peace Collaboration in the Americas. No. 731.

Strength and Unity in Diversity. No. 748.

Can Peace Be Organized? No. 726.

Apr., 3rd Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
The Sentence of the Court Is— Ernest L. Reeker. This issue, page 23.

Here, Gentlemen, Are Heroes! Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Feb., 1940.

Tootin' for Fun! (pictorial). Jan., 1940.

Maverick Miracles. Lewis T. Nordyke. Dec., 1939.

They're Called Future Farmers. Farnsworth Crowder. Nov., 1939.

Youth Hits the Hostel Trail. Oct., 1939.

Teamwork in Tampa. Bill Abbott. Aug., 1939.

So We Are Calling It—'Boy Sponsorship.' Winthrop R. Howard. June, 1937.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Boystowns for Cleveland Youth. Fred C. Kelly. *Recreation*. Nov., 1939.

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PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Youth Sponsorship. No. 698D.

A Symposium on Character Education. No. 677.

Occupational Guidance for Youth. No. 655.

Occupational Interviews. No. 659.

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Last Page Comment

REGRETFULLY, Rotary International's Board of Directors has postponed the Convention in Rio de Janeiro until 1942. Though many Rotarians will be disappointed in being unable to visit Brazil on a Rotary junket this year, the opportunity still is open for a glimpse of Latin America: the 1940 Rotary reunion will be held in Havana, Cuba. A happier choice could hardly have been made. Havana is Cuba's capital city, "The Pearl of the Antilles," and renowned hardly less for its brilliance as a metropolis than for its hospitality. Although the same unhappy world conditions that caused the shift in Convention cities will prevent attendance of many a Rotarian from countries in or near the theater of war, plans already under way assure a Convention great not only in numbers, but also in significance.

WORDS TO PONDER are these from James H. Perkins, chairman of the board of the National City Bank of New York: "Business and finance can derive no lasting gain from war. Actually, war is the negation of all that business stands for. Business consists of the exchange of mutually useful goods and services, and its success depends upon the maintenance of good faith and order in all relations. War is a violent interruption of normal business processes, producing incalculable hazards and appalling waste, and no temporary profit can offset its ultimate cost. The world has never fully recovered from the last war."

A NEW YORK STATE senator (or was it a doctor or a businessman?) was working on a speech (or maybe he was quietly reading). His child (son or daughter) kept interrupting to ask questions (or asked him to read aloud). Finally, to entertain him (or her), he tore up a large newspaper map of the world and set him (or her) to piecing it together. To his amazement, he (or she) soon had it done. There it was, spread out on the floor (or

table). "How did you do it so quickly?" he asked. "Oh, it was easy. On the other side was a picture of a man. I got him together right and the world came out all right." . . . That pointed story, or variants of it, is, no doubt, the most-told one in Rotary. Does any reader know who started it, or to what extent it is based on an actual occurrence? The conductor of the "Talking It Over" department would like to know.

WE HAVEN'T CONFIRMED the report, but a man who says he knows tells us that Hollywood has gone the Chicago stockyards one better. Neither the Swifts nor the Armours ever devised a way to utilize the squeal of a pig, but in the movie *Union Pacific*, so our informant avers, a squeal was turned to good account. If you saw the picture, you will remember the thrilling scene in which Indians tip a water tank upon a locomotive. Remember the hissing and the strange sound? That, so we are told, was put in the sound track of the film from a recorded pig's squeal—run through backward!

IF YOU HAVEN'T read Tom J. Davis's provocative article in this issue on occupational counselling, do so. It raises questions about an "activity" which most Rotarians take for granted. They could be the starting point for stimulating discussion in any Rotary Club.

A WRITER in that useful little magazine *Character and Citizenship* tells of two retired professional men discussing sons of their college classmates. One boy had been discharged from a good position because of incompetence, another was expelled from school because of dissipation, a third had been arrested for forgery, a fourth had committed suicide. . . . "Well," said one of the men, "I have raised a family of five. As far as I can see, they are pretty fair specimens of humanity and good citizens. They

have no bad habits; each earns a good living and I think each is making a contribution to society. Now, I am no better than the fathers of those four boys. Why should my children turn out better?" His friend replied, "It's because you kept a cow. Your children had chores to do."

HAVE YOU EVER asked yourself what you are doing, day by day, to make your wife an early widow? The chances are 100 to 1 she would rather have you alive than dead. But modern civilization tends to encourage dissipations that result in loss of sleep and consequent nervousness for the husband who must be at work next day, without corresponding effects on the wife. It used to be said, before farm homes had city conveniences for lightening labor, that the average farmer buried two wives before the third saw him safely off to the graveyard. Has the pendulum swung too far in the opposite direction? Twenty men once were asked which they would prefer, a short life and a merry one, or a long life and a good one. Three said they would be content with a short life if it were merry enough. All the others wanted a long and good life. Most men do—though they don't always prove it by their actions.

BOBBIE BURNS is a favorite poet of many an editor, and the reason therefor, we suspect, is his often-cited line: "The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." . . . Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who knows more about Northern climes than most of us realize there is to know, has written for ROTARIAN readers an account of the brilliant success Icelanders have achieved in battling poverty. It was scheduled for this issue. Then: *C'est la guerre!* The Convention in Rio de Janeiro was postponed until 1942, and now eyes turn toward Havana. So, the Iceland story, which had been announced for this issue, has been put in cold storage—perhaps until next Summer, when it may be all the more appreciated.

—Your Editors

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